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VOL. LXXIII

MAY, 1921

No. 290

The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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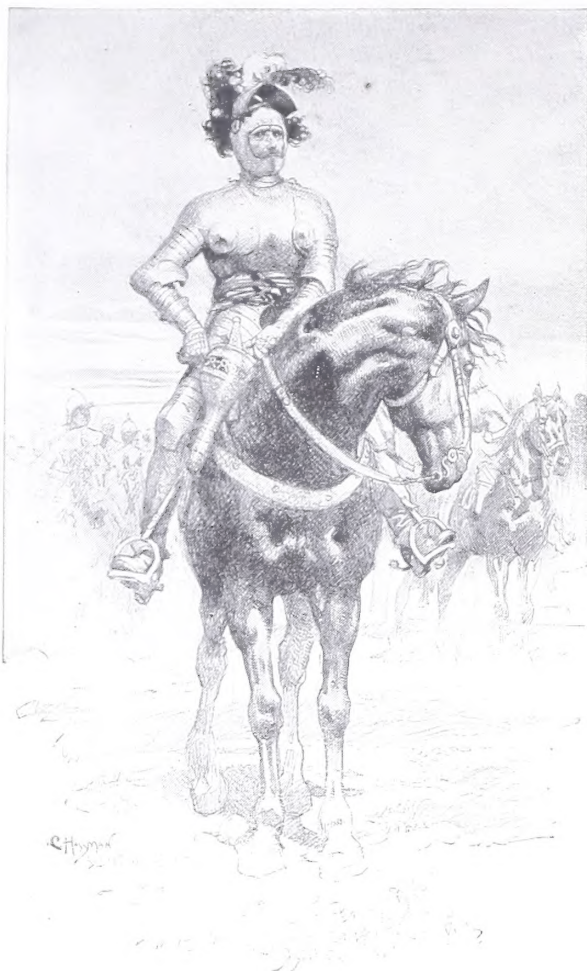


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ENGLISH SECTION BY GEOFFREY HOLME

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NO. 290

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From the Report of the Director.

"During the summer the Curator spent three months in England studying the engravings in the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, and the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. Photographs were made, of the same size as the originals, of three hundred and eighty-three prints, the majority of them not hitherto reproduced. Practically all the important fifteenth and sixteenth century engravings in English collections will shortly be available for study in excellent photographs. These, together with the reproductions and books already in the department, furnish opportunities unexcelled in America for the student of prints.

"Furthermore the Curator was able to secure many important originals for the collection. Especially noteworthy are 'The Baptism of Christ' and 'Virgin and Child Enthroned,' By Mocetto, Van Dyck's 'Erasmus,' in the first state, and a beautiful impression of 'The Crucifixion,' by Martin Schongauer. The acquisitions of the year (415 prints) are remarkable not so much for their number as for their value in supplementing our collection by fine examples, particularly of prints from the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The acquisition for the Library of "Voyages pittoresques et romantiques dans l'ancienne France," in eighteen volumes, makes available many hundreds of prints illustrating the development of lithography in France during the nineteenth century.

"When Mr. Carrington was appointed Curator in 1913, it was expected that he would co-operate with other museums throughout the country, and exert his influence to arouse and develop an intelligent appreciation of prints in America. With this end in view he edited 'The Print-Collector's Quarterly' for the Museum for five years; now that the 'Quarterly' has been transferred to an English publisher, his broader effort takes a somewhat different form.

BROOKLYN

The Brooklyn Museum Quarterly Contents.

The Seacoast and Islands of Peru iv
By Robert Cushman Murphy
Miniature by Eliab Metcalf of John Haslett, M. D.

By John Hill Morgan
Early American Silver

By Luke Vincent Lockwood
Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers

By Sidney Kennedy



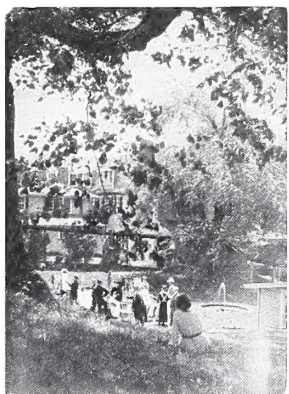
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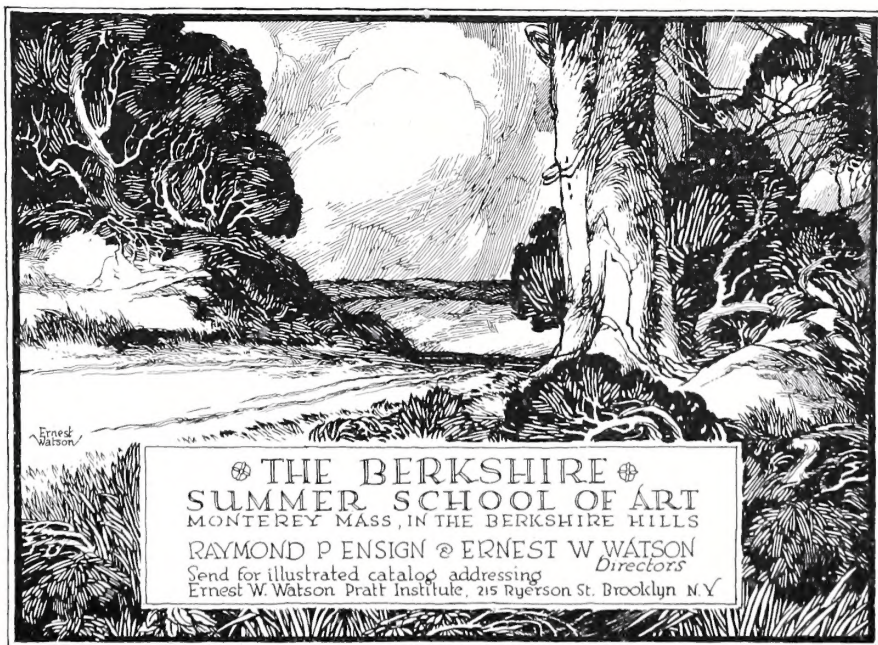
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BROOKLYN—Continued

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Mr. Stewart Culin, Curator of the Department of Ethnology, made a collecting trip in Central and Eastern Europe during the past summer, securing for the Museum collections of costumes and textiles in Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Roumania.

In addition he secured an extremely important collection of Thibetan objects of art which are now being installed in the Thibetan hall, as well as a series of African masks and textiles of unusual beauty.

CLEVELAND

Accessions:

128 Etchings (i. a. 4 Beurdeley, 53

Bacher and 31 Seymour Haden)

1 Painting by Sir John Lavery.

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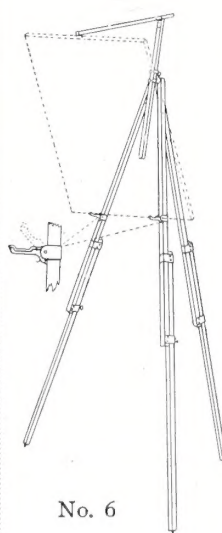
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that we have read the words of a man who is a philosopher, and, it may be, an incurable idealist, and that the fame which came to Mr. Black with the publication of 'The Great Desire' will be increased and made firmer and more abiding because of 'The Seventh Angel'." Price \$2.00.

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"GRENOBLE BRIDGE." (1824).
BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

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VOL. LXXIII, NO. 290

MAY, 1921.

Her Vagaries

TRULY there is no depending on Her. A child, fourteen years of age, fills two large galleries with drawings and paintings which are the delight of the collector and the despair of the professional artist. A silver Chalice, a foot in height, when cleaned of the corrosion of two thousand years, presents to the world a group of apostolic portraits unique in the history of art. A Bean, one inch long discovered in Mexico after twenty-five years of oblivion, displays a carving by an unknown prisoner which moves a prelate to exclaim that it is the most satisfying portrayal of Christ's face that the world has ever known.

What law governs the creation of works such as these? Or is art above the law? Has She no laws of Her own? Or may She snap Her fingers at them at will?

Pamela Bianco was discussed two years ago (July 1919) in these pages. There is little further to add. She has gained in precision yet has lost nothing of her freshness. She is a child still, with a child's delight in the game of drawing. She never speaks of art. It is nothing to her that She holds a pencil Japanese-fashion or sees life with the eyes of a post impressionist. These things just are. May they continue so.

Whether the Chalice of the Bean presents the more satisfying portrait of Christ is an open question. It seems impossible that

any portrait should do justice to every side of Christ's nature. The claim which the Chalice puts forward is one of authenticity. It dates from the first century A. D. Perhaps this unknown sculptor knew the apostles, perhaps even knew the Master.

In viewing a work such as the *Christus de Profundis*, the name given to the Mexican Bean, it is difficult to distinguish between the awe that is born of reverence, the admiration that is born of wonder and that undefinable emotion that only beauty gives. Probably the first two predominate, and the manner of presentation tends to make the third, which is slower of birth, difficult.

But it seems unlikely that the *Christus de Profundis* will have to base its claim on its own beauty. Its obscure origin and sacred subject seem to mark it out for a relic.

There is no objection to this, except in so far as the process tends to confuse an already confused public as to the nature of art. But against the proposal to build a Cathedral in its honour energetic protest is necessary. The history of architecture seems to show that only when a building grows out of a need is beauty achieved. The greatest works of architecture have been usually the most practical. Now obviously a bean, one inch in length, does not need a Cathedral to house it, any more than a needle needs a haystack. The Cathedral, instead of displaying the bean, will only bury it.

Her Vagaries



Courtesy Dudensing Gallery

FIRE LEAVES

VICTOR CHARRETON

But there is an objection still more cogent and this brings me back to the title, *Her Vagaries*. Art is not a logical person. She is coy. Out of a Mexican prison She picks a dried bean and fashions therefrom a thing of beauty. Our granite and marble, our gold and silver and precious stones She may not even deign to look at.

Victor Charreton is a colourist. Not a great colourist by any means, but one of sufficient distinction and originality to merit some study. There are many different ways of employing colour. There is Monet's way of permeating the atmosphere with colour, Whistler's way of blending form and colour into a "harmony," or Prendergast's way, which is the method of the tapestry weaver employing his colour to form a pattern. Charreton is like none of these. In essence decorative, his decoration is not the

decoration of the weaver. His aim is to paint nature, and his colour he draws out of nature, out of the tree trunk, the leaf, the grass. He subjects nature to a kind of chemical process, which shall bring out not only the colour that is seen, but the colour that is latent. He is concerned with potentiality.

In Charreton's best work there is undeniable beauty. His landscapes intrigue. They draw the eye back into the depths of the picture. Something is happening.

Charreton has a feeling for texture, for the charm of old houses, for the beauty of stone. He is never dull. Occasionally he will make to throw aside restraint and the result will be a riot of colour. He can be simple. An apple tree in bloom will serve him for a canvas.

But with all these gifts Charreton lacks the one quality that we moderns demand above all others—body. Perhaps we lay too much stress

Her Vagaries



Courtesy Milch Gallery

SUPPER AT EMMAUS

GARI MELCHERS

on this. Perhaps, too, Charreton will one day (he is still young) turn from his colour-seeking to another and more vital search. *Attendons.*

Gari Melchers has returned to his true vocation, the painting of great canvases. That this is his vocation is abundantly proved at every exhibition where his work is seen. For Gari Melchers is not a little man and he has none of the arts and graces that endear the lesser man even in his lightest moods. Melchers' light moments are painful moments for the beholder. Humour he has none. His taste is not impeccable. Only a certain forthrightness of craftsmanship remains to testify that Gari Melchers did this thing.

So it is that people, wearied by Melchers' Landscapes and Wallpapers, forget the painter of *The Last Supper* and turn away shrugging their shoulders.

Melchers is a humanist. He can only work at his finest when his deepest nature is moved. Then he gathers all his gifts, and all his intensity and paints. Landscape interests him, but as a problem to be solved. Only Man touches him, Man in his relation to *God*, and woman in her relation to her children. His two pastels of a woman nursing her baby are exquisite. Look at the hand that holds the child. That is a poem in itself.

And the *Supper at Emmaus*. Try to forget the Christ. The perfect Christ in flesh and

Her Vagaries



Courtesy Grant Kingore

E. N. CHIRIKOV

ILYA REPIN

blood does not exist. But Christ is there in the faces of the apostles, of the maid. It is right that it should be so. The real man is seen not in his own person which dies and the image is lost, but in those who are around him. That is immortality.

I wonder how many visitors to the Kingore Galleries this month realized the relation that those fragments, magnificent as they are, bear to the great work of Ilya Repin, and the relation that that work bears to the art of Russia. Sixteen paintings, twenty-five draw-

ings done in friendship as the visitor pleased him. Work done in the evening of his days, when time has swept past him and he has already taken his place in history. Dr. Christian Brinton's introduction reprinted on page 10 of the advertising section, tells better than I can what that history was.

For Repin was the father of Russian Nationalism in painting, as Moussorgsky in music, and a greater than Moussorgsky in his own house. What has here been seen gives only a hint of the great canvases that hang in

Her Vagaries



ALEXANDER FYODOROVICH KERENSKY

ILYA REPIN

the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow and the Alexander III Museum in Petrograd. Passages in *The Attack With the Red Cross Nurse* suggests his power of realizing the crowd. *The Black Sea-Pirates* suggests his mastery of composition, the *Tolstoy* and the *Kerensky* hint at the power of his portraiture.

Fragments, but out of fragments one may sometimes reconstruct the whole.

Much has been written about the Independent Show, in praise and utter condemnation, but one purpose it fulfills. It sharpens the critical faculties. It is no very difficult matter to pick out from a roomful of carefully picked, well-framed and artistically hung pictures the gem, if any is to be found. The jury has already eliminated all the dark horses.

But in an exhibition such as that of the In-



SUMMER-TIME

MAURICE PRENDERGAST



Courtesy Joseph Brummer
THE SANDS, ST. MALO

MAURICE PRENDERGAST

Her Vagaries



Courtesy Joseph Brummer

CARVED WOOD PANEL

CHARLES PRENDERGAST

dependent Society it is a vastly different matter. No hanging, no jury, sometimes even no frame. The mediocre cheek by jowl with the bad, the "modern" with the merely conventional. No sign posts. A host of unknown names. Here is territory for the explorer.

So that nothing will ever dim my pride in my "discovery" of Charles Prendergast, wood carver.

A week later I happened to be looking at a collection of Maurice Prendergast's pictures. I asked whether the two were related. Brothers, I was told. And the frames were pointed out to me. "Those are Charles Prendergast's work."

Again a week and I was viewing a combined exhibition of Maurice and Charles.

Both men are *decorative* artists in the best sense. In their work is no striving for greatness. Perhaps they realize that there are doors which open only to the very few, and rather than knock their heads in vain impor-

tunity they prefer to remain outside. The

And yet it is strange, I thought, in the midst of all this pretension to find such modesty. A twentieth century craftsman sounds almost like a contradiction in terms. It can not be for lack of gifts that they prefer to remain decorators. Both have fertility. Maurice has a subtle colour sense. Charles has line.

"Which is the younger?" I asked of Mr. Brummer.

"Charles. He is only sixty—Maurice is eighty."

But nothing will ever take away my joy at "discovering" Charles.

What should an exhibition of the Architectural League contain? What should it aim to show? What should be its relation to industry, to architecture, to the decorative arts? These are some of the questions which the exhibition, as it is, has raised in my mind.

First of all, what is the relation of the pres-

Her Vagaries

ent exhibition to these fields? To industry its relation is simple and direct. The carpet manufacturer, the bath-tub manufacturer, the manufacturer of garden tools all rent space, erect booths and interest the public in their wares in ratio to the originality of their advertising methods. To architecture its relation is no less simple but less direct. Unable to afford the expense of erecting one of his own houses on the premises, the architect must content himself with hanging plans and elevations on the walls, where they struggle for prominence with pictures, batiks, stage plans and chintzes, and as ninety-nine out of every hundred visitors are unable to visualize a building from a plan, the degree of prominence they achieve may be considered questionable. To the decorative arts the relation of this exhibition may be considered as essentially the same as every exhibiting society, with this difference, that whereas the articles shown usually represent in the judgment of some body of men a worthy selection, in this case the payment of a membership fee, and possibly an exhibiting fee, represents the only barrier to fame.

Secondly, what is the relation of the present exhibition to architecture in the wider sense, leaving the architect out of consideration? And the answer to that question is: None whatever. The exhibition of the Architectural League is architectural in name only. Doubtless all of the objects here assembled would, if coaxed sufficiently, go into, upon, or around a house. But what kind of a house that would be, and what the result would be like, "it's better only guessing." One may guess that it would be uncomfortably like some at present standing, only worse.

An exhibition, to have artistic value, and the Architectural League does not aim to be purely a trade organization, must have a norm. All the exhibits must be related to some standard, however imperfect that standard may be. In the case of the Architectural League the standard is The House.

Unfortunately in the present exhibition the house is so far from being exalted to the place of honour, with all the subsidiary arts related to it, that it is almost completely buried beneath a medley of furnishings. Everything

has been provided for the fitting and provisioning of the Art, but the Ark itself has been overlooked.

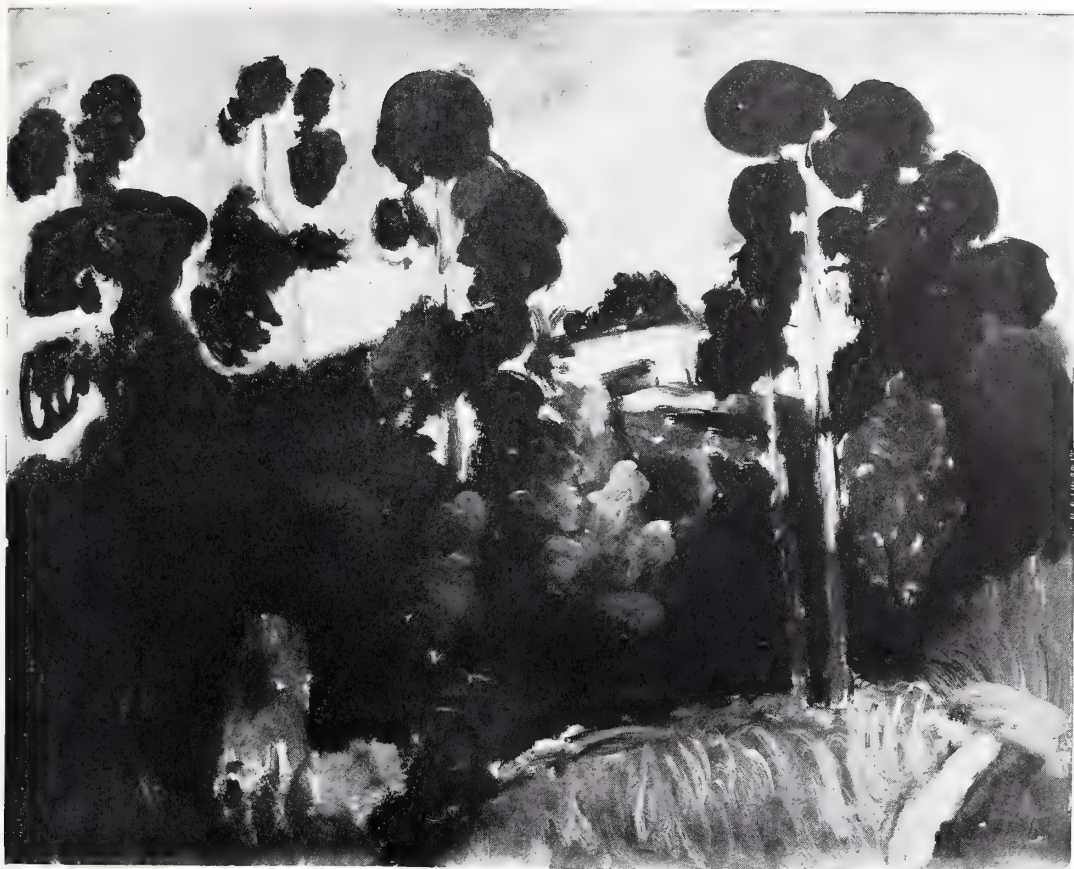
For it can not be said too often or too strongly that architecture is in the ultimate analysis the Mother of the Arts. We may say that we have changed all that, that we have freed painting and sculpture, decoration too, for that matter, from the tyranny of architecture. We have not. We have dissolved, temporarily, the most valuable, indeed the essential artistic partnership, the partnership of painter, sculptor, mason and architect. But because the painter, sculptor and architect elect to work with one eye bandaged, the ultimate relation of their crafts is not thereby changed. A piece of sculpture, wherever set down, at once relates itself to its architectural surroundings. A picture, wherever hung, measures itself with its wall, alters its proportions in a vain endeavour to arrive at some kind of balance. It is nothing that the artistic so-called have trained themselves to see only the sculpture, the picture *per se*. The great body of the untrained do not observe our elaborate blindfold conventions, but look at the whole. They see the room, the façade. On the wall of the room hangs a framed picture. Before the building stands a statue. Both are obvious excrescences, playing no part in the design, often alien in spirit and conception to the decoration. The "art-lover" dons his blinkers and turns a critical eye on the excrescence. The general shrug their shoulders and pass on.

The function of the Architectural League should be not only to bring together the work of sculptor, painter and decorator, but to relate them to their common mother. Doubtless in the present condition of these arts an exhibition such as the present is not without value, the value of the cloth exhibition to the tailor. But only as a starting point. Out of this medley must be built a house.

This month a revolution has taken place, a revolution as the English know it. Quietly without flourish of trumpets revolution is achieved.

The Pennsylvania Academy is holding an exhibition, showing "the later tendencies of American Art."

Her Vagaries



LANDSCAPE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE

HENRI MATISSE

At the same time the Metropolitan Museum announces an exhibition of Modern French Art.

I have only an impression of the Philadelphia Show, for as I write the exhibition is not yet open to the public and the printer's devil is waiting to snatch these last pages. But one thing I can say. The show is worth a visit to Philadelphia.

Of course there are influences. Try as she will America can not escape from them.

But taken on the whole the exhibition does not strike me as derivative. Rather I am impressed with the widely divergent personalities. Walt Kuhn, Macdonald Wright, John Marin, Maurice Sterne, The Zorachs, Paul Burlin, and above the tireless Arthur B. Davies. These men are working on their own lines, and whether or not they succeed in their quest, they will remain themselves. Recently

a friend said to me: "Just look at those French painters. Why, even the worst of them is himself. Even Bouguereau could never be mistaken for anyone else." And this is a sign of vitality.

Is the Philadelphia Show a statement? Well, hardly. An incomplete statement, perhaps. But for the most part a question. The statement will come later. Perhaps, too, the question is already finding its own answer.

But for the present let us dispense no laurels. It is enough that the thing has been done. In future we may hope to have an Academy Show in February and a Modernist Show in March. Competition, emulation. Bravo, Philadelphia!

The Matisse at the head of this page, from the French Exhibit at Brooklyn, is as fine a showing of Modern French Art as I have seen. It commemorates a conversion.



TREES

MARY ROGERS

Mary Rogers--Sister and Artist



LANDSCAPE

MARY ROGERS

MARY ROGERS—SISTER AND ARTIST BY CATHERINE ROGERS

Mary Rogers' approach to nature was purely spiritual. Her technique in every instance was evoked by the spirit of the things she wished to express.

There are moments in our lives, there are moments in a day, when we seem to see beyond the usual—become clairvoyant. We reach then into reality. Such are the moments of our greatest happiness. Such are the moments of our greatest wisdom.

It is in the nature of all people to have these experiences; but in our time and under the conditions of our lives, it is only a rare few who are able to continue in the experience, and find expression for it.

At such times there is a song going on within us, a song to which we listen. It fills us with surprise. We marvel at it. We would continue to hear it. But few are capable of holding themselves in the state of listening to their own song. Intellectuality steps in, and as the song within is of the utmost sensitiveness, it retires in the presence of the cold and material intellect. It is aristocratic, and will not associate itself with the commonplace, and we fall back and become our ordinary selves.

Yet we live in the memory of these songs which in moments of intellectual inadvertance have been possible to us. They are the pinnacles of our experience. And it is the desire to express these intimate sensations, this song from within, which motivates the masters of all art.

Mary Rogers was one of those who had the simple power to listen to the song, and to create under the spell of it. She knew the value of revelation; and her spirit had that control over mentality which was the secret of her gift for employing at all times in her work that specific technique evoked by the song. She was master. Her work is a record of her life's great moments. Her statement is joyous and clear.

Robert Henri.

I have been asked to write an article about my sister's work, because it was thought that I could trace her development more clearly than anyone else, as Maizie worked for many years away from schools and influences and we were never separated, except during the time she spent in Paris as a young girl, living with our dear friends the O'B—s.

Those delightful nomads and their charming family life, together with the stimulating surroundings of the studios of the Latin Quarter, form the earliest background of Maizie's student days.

Mary Rogers--Sister and Artist

On her return from Europe she continued work, studying at the School of Design, and the Art Student's League, in Pittsburgh, until we came to New York. Her first serious work was done under Robert Henri in the old Chase School in 57th Street, in an atmosphere which encouraged the free expression of all that was individual in the student.

In 1907 we spent a year abroad; part of the time in London, where she worked with Brangwyn; several months in Holland, again with Henri, and a winter in Paris. The year marked a period of growth in Maizie's painting. In Paris, though she studied under no master regularly, she worked in many of the studios, taking criticisms from Lucien Simon, Blanche, and other Academic masters. But it was during this year that she came to know and love the work of Cézanne, van Gogh, Gauguin, Matisse. I think there was always something unusual and of the modern spirit in her work, for I remember one of her first teachers saying: "You have a colour sense that is almost ugly. I don't know whether it is very ugly or very beautiful."

After that winter in Paris, Maizie worked practically alone; constantly experimenting, testing, discarding, in her search for her own expression—that search which a true artist can only make alone.

As I look back over the years that have passed since then, my milestones are the summers spent in Provincetown, Gloucester, California, the Berkshires, and another delightful six months spent in Italy, the Austrian Tyrol, and France. To make even more vivid my memories are the sketches and paintings done during our wanderings.

I think Maizie's strong individual expression began to assert itself in California, where we spent the summer of 1913. Such a picture as *Avalon Bay, Santa Catalina Island* is reminiscent of no one, and in its quality of pure beauty is unrivalled among her productions. In this, or rather in these canvases, she tried the experiment of painting first one, then another canvas from the same subject. I cannot recall now which was the original and which the final one. But from my knowledge of her later method I can say with a good deal of

conviction that the more subtle, more delicate interpretation was the last.

The summer of 1916 we spent at a camp in the Adirondacks, where Miss Bentley had her classes of Rhythmics in the open air. There Maizie spent many hours drawing the girls as they danced. These are drawings of movement suggested sometimes with a single line. I think all of their spirit of motion is incorporated in the painting which is called *The Dancers*—not to be confused with the *Ballet* which was reproduced in the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO last month. *The Dancers* was painted in the fall of 1916, and exhibited in the first Independent Exhibition. Maizie was one of the founders of The Independents, and a director from its inception until the time of her death.

From this time on, my sister's work was very much interrupted; and in 1917 circumstances made it necessary for her to take a position designing advertising posters.

Since the Memorial Exhibition given to Maizie by the Independents, where the oils and water-colours were shown in separate groups, there has been a great deal of discussion as to their relative significance. When people ask me which I like best I usually say that to me the water-colours are her last message, her swan-song, and something more, perhaps, her revolt against a condition which she found extremely distasteful. Nine to five in an office was prison to a spirit as free as Maizie's.

These water-colours were produced at odd times, on Saturdays and Sundays, on long summer evenings, on short summer vacations, and form the bulk of her output during the last three years of her life. The first were painted in New Hampshire in 1918. She seemed to have an innate feeling for the medium. These early sketches are as fluid, as uninfluenced, as lyric, as her later work. And so these lovely things flowed from her brush, delicate, sensitive, suggestive, full, brilliant, daring. A dozen adjectives suggest themselves to me, for she expressed many moods in many ways. But three things I think most unusual about them—her absolute mastery of the medium upon first handling it, the great number that she produced in the



IRISES

MARY ROGERS



YACHTS

MARY ROGERS

Mary Rogers--Sister and Artist

short time, and their uniformly high standard.

These, the water-colours, naturally arrange themselves in groups. One group painted along the Palisades recalls many delightful days spent together, when Maizie painted and I ate the lunch. Another, the still life, ranges from the robust realistic presentations to the frail slight things that seem rather the soul of flowers than flowers themselves. But, though there is a remarkable uniformity of standard among them (due doubtless to her severe self-censorship, and the destruction of many), the later pictures done in the summer of 1920 at Falls Village, Connecticut, where she spent the last months of her life, seem to have gained in their power to suggest with the least possible line and stroke that which she wished to express. There is an elimination in them which, together with the fact that they were produced within so short a time of her death, endows them with an unearthly, spiritual quality.

Maizie's appeal was a universal one, and it seems strange that with the deep affection people had for her, and the very enthusiastic appreciation of those artists who knew her work, she had not the satisfaction of a wider recognition during her life. But Maizie had two great gifts: one for her art, and one for friendship. Her contact with people was always the human one, interested in others always more than in herself, and never in any way looking toward the advancement of herself as an artist. It seems perhaps a peculiar thing to say, but I have often thought that during her life, Maizie, the generous, outgoing personality, Maizie the friend, obscured Maizie the artist. Even now, when so many people are coming to her studio, drawn there by the pictures themselves—people who never knew Maizie while she lived—I have been startled to hear them almost invariably say before they go, that they feel they have met Maizie herself, so strongly still does her personality seem to persist.

I wish I could bring my sister before you—a character so vivid and fine. She was certainly the most charming companion, humorous and gay, but sensitive to every beauty and every sorrow.

I remember one lovely night last June when she and I looked out together on an orchard bathed in the most unearthly moonlight that I have ever seen. And there she recalled to me a story of de Maupassant's "Moonlight," the tale of an old priest who went forth to upbraid his young niece. But upon seeing her walking with her lover—amid the beauty of such another night—he withdrew in reverence.

The next full moon shone upon a new made grave, and a disciple of beauty lay beneath it.

In her work, always executed swiftly, there seems to be a sense unrealized of the necessity for haste. Especially is this true of the last few months of her life. We went away, how happily, with how little thought of shadow in the spring. Maizie worked unceasingly. "I have so little time." She wearied us all with her haste. But all too soon the evening of her life had come. The end came quickly, and she met it gaily and bravely as she had lived.

Within a few days of her death, with what remaining strength she had, she went over her summer's work. I brought them to her bedside. And as I placed them before her she selected those she wished to be preserved. She made her decisions swiftly, definitely, destroying one after another those with which she was dissatisfied, and signing with a simple "M R" the comparatively few that passed her mysterious censorship. When we protested at the destruction of so many—almost two-thirds of all of them—she said, "I know which ones to keep." And we were silent after that.

While many times during her life she caused us to suffer in this way, destroying many things that we had come to love, it is a source of satisfaction now to know that everything that remains has the stamp of her approval.

Much has been done for her since her death, and I acknowledge it with gratitude. Especially to the Society of Independent Artists do I wish to express my thanks. The tribute which they paid her in giving the Memorial Exhibition I value more than I can say. And to the public which is so generously responding in appreciation and interest, I wish also to express my gratitude.



CIBORIUM FROM
CHURCH OF THE
ADVENT BOSTON

ARTHUR J. STONE
FROM DESIGN BY CRAM
GOODHUE & FERGUSON.

The Silverware of Arthur J. Stone

THE SILVERWARE OF
ARTHUR J. STONE
BY HANNA TACHAU

It is ever a great adventure to meet for the first time some beautiful object that can be recognized at first glance as the expression of a true artist. It makes no difference whether the object is modern or old, whether it bears the impress of a great or unknown name, the pleasure of discovery has a rare flavour, and even though we find that we are by no means the first to recognize its worth, there ever remains to us the pioneer's delight in sighting his treasure.

And so it happened with the silverware of Mr. Arthur J. Stone. I was exploring a little shop and straightway was captivated by a group of silver—a bowl, a tea set, a pitcher, a cup—and though I knew that I had made no “find” in the collector's sense of the word, I had indeed discovered a craftsman of whose work America might justly be proud. All the old charm of the eighteenth century plate was here, its grace, its simplicity, its practical utility, and yet when one took a nearer view, and compared the pieces carefully with early examples, one felt rather than saw the subtle difference. It was as though the artist himself had proclaimed that we were living in modern America, under modern conditions, and that we could never hark back to eighteenth century ways. And that is one of the wonders of the silversmith's art. The craftsman, through the medium of this malleable metal, can reflect minutely his own beliefs, display his feeling for form and proportion, and create something that is entirely his own. His every hammer stroke helps to fashion an unborn form that slowly emerges under his guidance, and though he may be an ardent disciple of classic or romantic types, following time-honoured traditions, his work will explicitly reveal the distinctiveness of his personality.

We would gladly claim an American nationality for such a craftsman as Mr. Stone, for it would help to refute the theory that we must go abroad to seek artists who are thoroughly versed in their craft. But, unfortunately, we must truthfully relate that though

he now lives and has his workshop in Gardner, Mass., he was born in the old town of Sheffield, England, a name that is irrevocably linked with the history of silversmithing. And here, in the begrimed old city, he was apprenticed at the tender age of fourteen to a silversmith.

Silversmithing had been the family trade and it seemed fitting that he should follow in the traditional footsteps. The seven years' apprenticeship was a formidable business in those days; its contract, signed by three witnesses, appearing in impressive black Old English type. It required that the son enter upon the contract of his own free will and with his mother's consent; and during the allotted time he must agree to “serve his said master faithfully, keep his secrets, observe his lawful commands, forbear to do him hurt or injury . . . and in every respect conduct himself as an industrious and trustworthy apprentice.” His mother then shall receive three shillings a week for the first two years, this stipend being increased until the final year, when she is given the magnificent sum of ten shillings a week. In return, she pledges herself to find and provide her son with “wholesome meat, drink, lodging, wearing apparel, medical and surgical aid and all other necessities suitable for his trade and employment.”

Those were the days of infinite endeavour, when no amount of time and labour were considered too great to expend upon so stern a task-mistress as art. From early morning until late evening the young boy was employed, first with odd jobs about the shop and then gradually learning the rudiments of his craft. Ambitious to go more quickly beyond the exacting tasks set him by his master, he attended the evening classes in drawing and design which were open to him in Sheffield National School of Design, an institution partly endowed by the Government. To pay the small tuition fee, he worked overtime in the shop, besides fulfilling the allotted fifty-nine hours a week required by his apprenticeship.

After he had finished the years of probation in Sheffield, Mr. Stone sought a life of independence in Edinburgh, where, in a little shop employing about twenty men, he was

The Silverware of Arthur J. Stone

given splendid opportunities to develop his best powers. Many beautiful pieces were fashioned here, and he gained experience in all the branches of his craft, not only by actually fulfilling important commissions, but by handling and studying many old pieces of plate that needed renovating, among the most important being the historic examples belonging to the house of Bute, which passed through his hands.

A year of this life was most stimulating, but he again returned home to continue his study of design under the instruction of one of the masters of the school. Much of his leisure time was spent in the Ruskin Museum, established in the early seventies, and here he came to know intimately Dürer's etchings and other fine collections which gave him fresh inspiration for his work. His hand became ever more deft, more certain in its ability to create the beautiful fluting and rich repoussé which belonged to this period, and a particularly fine piece of acanthus work brought praise from so fastidious a critic as Ruskin.

Then he came to America. America must have been a disconcerting place at that time for one aglow with art ideals. The cry of the day was for luxury—luxury acquired at any price. The machine, with its deadening influence, came into its own, and the endless number of objects that were produced, one the exact duplicate of the other, were made to come within the reach of everyone. In this new perfection of mechanical ingenuity, who examined too closely the quality and durability of the material, or who cared for the soundness of its workmanship? The impression that the more ornate an article, the more was it to be coveted, grew as a generally accepted idea. The effort needed in securing the polish that makes for nice, plain surfaces, or the fitting of one part to another with exactitude and neatness, is infinitely more difficult than hiding the deficiencies of workmanship with ornate casting or cheap ornamentation.

Decoration in its best sense, of course, requires the application of the finest workmanship and labour, but then it is used to enhance and not to conceal surfaces—to accentuate and not to hide a line. And so it was that a craftsman, realizing the possibilities as well as

the limitations of his art, came upon a most difficult situation. He encountered in the manufacturing world laws and obstacles that had emanated from a system, whose aim was the production of the greatest number of machine-made objects, and which limited his powers as a creative artist and compelled him to specialize in one line of endeavour. His only hope of securing some variation in style and expression was to find employment in different shops that produced different kinds of work.

Mr. Stone first established himself with a firm in Concord, New Hampshire, later organized a new department for a factory in Gardner, and then, realizing that his powers of self-expression were being engulfed in mechanical routine, he determined to extricate himself entirely from factory methods and with a fine courage, opened his own shop in Gardner, Mass. Here with a small coterie of assistants he began a successful career, fulfilling special commissions that have found distinguished place in private homes, churches and museums.

His most elaborate and important work is the ciborium or pyx shown here, which is in the Church of the Advent, Boston, the gift of Miss Catherine Tarbell as a memorial to her parents. It was designed by Mr. Frank E. Cleveland, of the firm of Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson, and executed by Mr. Stone and his assistant William Blair. Made of 18 carat gold, with the delicate overlaid ornament of even finer metal, it follows the style of the reliquaries of the Venetian Gothic period. The jewels are distributed with rare judgment, and the finesse and delicacy of the workmanship make possible the rendering of exquisite ornamentation in the forms of tender foliage, minute cameo medallions, overlaid traceries, and rich designs.

It is indeed one of the most remarkable examples of modern craftsmanship, and one can easily conceive of the artist's delight in being able to persuade his material to so fine a purpose.

Yet with all its beauty, it is to the simpler and more robust pieces that we turn in the hope that they will serve as a standard, pointing the way towards a finer discrimination and a more general appreciation of domestic sil-



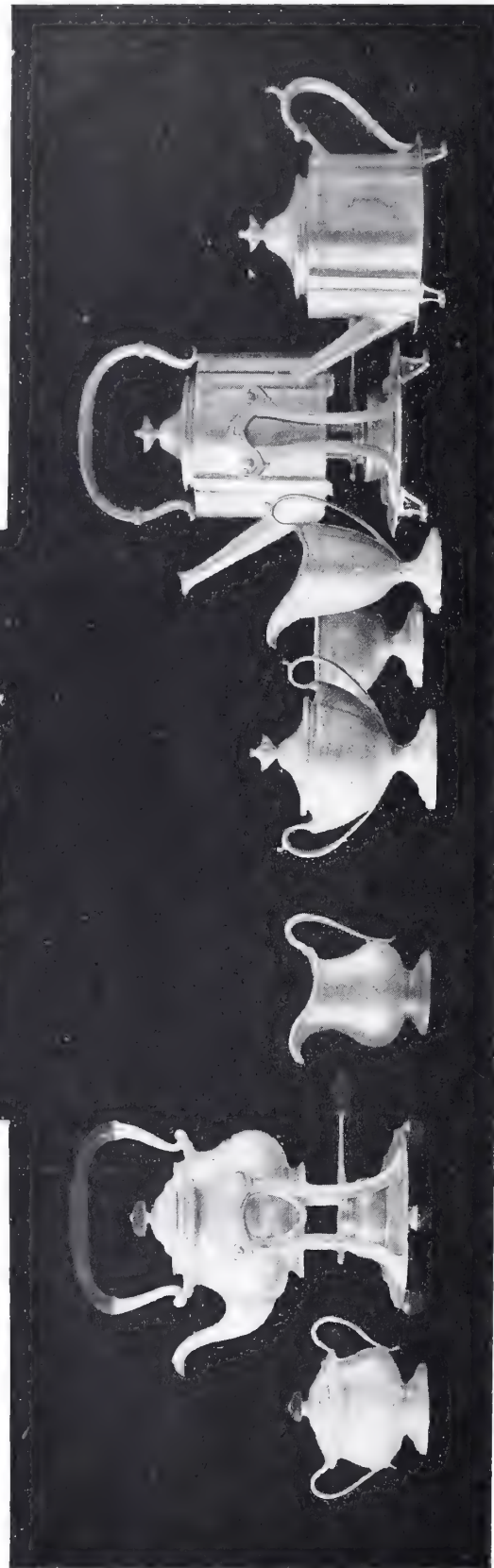
ALTAR BOOK

ARTHUR J. STONE

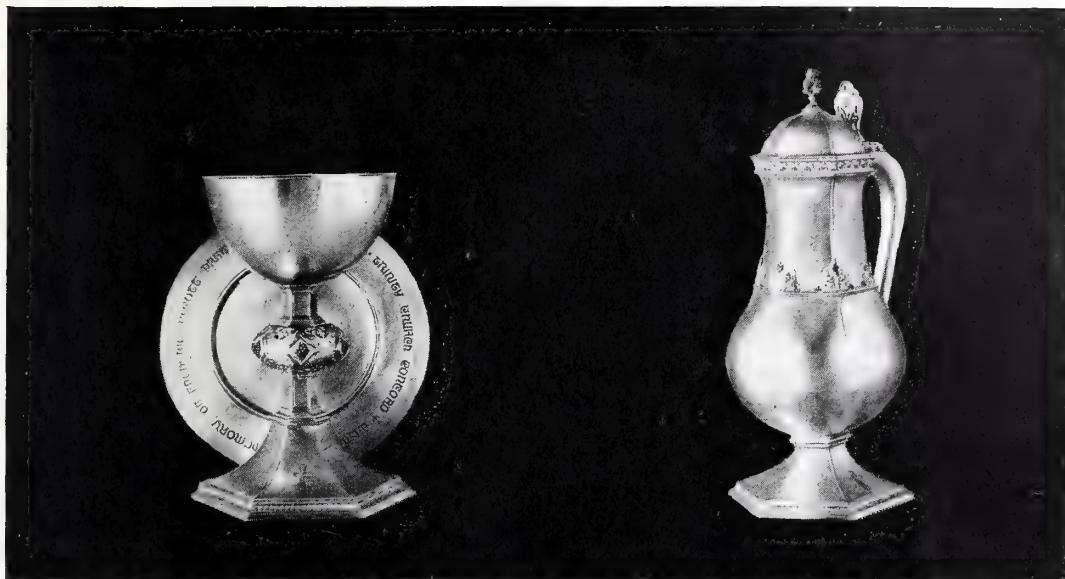
ABOVE: SOUP TUREEN FROM SET
MADE FOR JULIA MARLOWE
SOTHERN



RIGHT: TEA SET ADAPTED FROM OLD
ENGLISH HIERLOOM



The Silverware of Arthur J. Stone



COMMUNION SET

ARTHUR J. STONE

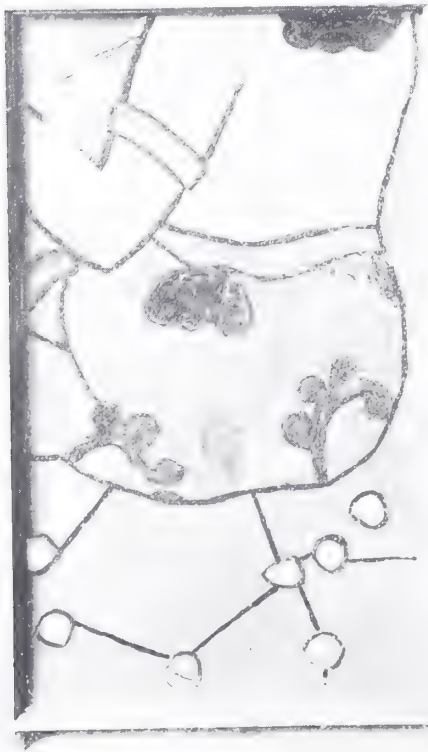
verware. Why should not our interest and pride in table silver be as keen as was our forefathers'? And why should we have to confine ourselves to collecting old plate?

One sees in Mr. Stone's pieces the dignity of simplicity and the perfect unity of beauty and utility. A pitcher or a coffee pot of his design performs its function of pouring easily without spilling, and the handles are comfortably grasped. But beyond his knowledge of the practical, the artist proclaims himself in his unerring feeling for fine proportions, his perfect mastery in handling his material and his sensitiveness to happy detail.

All of this is beautifully exemplified in the silver designed especially for Julia Marlowe Sothern, who had acquired at various times a number of pieces bearing Mr. Stone's distinguishing mark. Her dream, just before the war, was to establish a real home of her own in England and for this dream house Mr. Stone fashioned a full set of flat silver, two tea sets, a coffee set, dishes and platters, a fish set, and other miscellaneous pieces that are among her most cherished possessions. I have also shown here other pieces representative of his finest work—some of them adaptations, others reminiscent of fine old English plate; one was copied by special permission

from the Paul Revere set in the Boston Museum, and others are pure inspirations of his own. A very remarkable example is the loving cup presented to President Eliot on his seventieth birthday, and there is also the Communion set which is in Trinity Church, Concord, Mass., given in memory of Frederick Alcott Pratt, one of Louisa Alcott's "Little Men." This loving cup portrays the individuality of Mr. Stone's style, both in line and ornament, and reveals the same refinement, the fastidious use of ornament seen in all of his other work.

The best era of craftsmanship was that of the Middle Ages, when a craftsman was capable not only of furnishing designs essentially suited to the material in which he worked, but was also fitted through a thorough training and understanding of his art, to bring them by his own hand to their finest accomplishment. The result was the perfect harmony of design and execution, an achievement which, unfortunately, we find but seldom today. It is a privilege, then, to meet with a present-day craftsman whose work is the expression and reflection of ideals which have never faltered, and who through the courage of his convictions has come into his own!



PAINTING ON GLASS

PAUL GAUGUIN

Paul Gauguin--Artist

PAUL GAUGUIN: ARTIST
BY STEPHEN HAWEIS

Of all our contemporary painters Paul Gauguin has been hurried towards the posthumous fame of an "old master" more rapidly than any other. He left Europe a full ten years before he died in 1903 and only returned once to France during that time. I did not know the man, but I know the artist, and I know, besides the circumstances of his life that everyone knows, some of the conditions which developed him from a passionate, quarrelsome man into the artist which his works proclaim him, complete, restrained, sincere and in its largest sense, loving and charitable.

In his early days he painted a good deal in Brittany, to which he was attracted probably because living was cheap there, but it fulfilled a need in his nature, too: the wild strain of the Celt, never quite tamed in any race, met and sang with the blood of his Peruvian mother. One must never lose sight of the fact that Gauguin was a primitive man *au fond*, however deeply his nature was overlaid by the French culture of his day.

He deserted his wife and children to go to Tahiti, the remotest province of France. From one standpoint it is quite possible to say that here was a dissolute Frenchman who ran away from his civil responsibilities, but there, and there sharply we must sever his connection with the type that conduct would seem to indicate. It is to be remarked that he did not leave his wife for another woman of the same type and kind; he did not change his city and his dwelling through the whim of a passing sensual fancy. Regard it how you may, Gauguin's going was caused by a revolution in his soul in which many ideas were stunned and strangled for the sake of an elusive goal he might never have reached. He was like a missionary going out to seek the poor heathen in himself which he had been taught to dispise, only to realise suddenly that the poor heathen in him was the strongest and the best part of him.

The passion to paint is sufficiently hard to be understood by the man who regards work as

a means of making enough money to buy a house, a woman, a family and a respectable funeral. The passion which inspired Gauguin is still harder to explain to the unsympathetic. Great callings do not come from the untravelled wilds to every galley-slave pulling at his oar. Most people's love is only a predilection, their hate a peevish distaste. Great passions are like the cyclone, the fringes of which strike many cities while it destroys only one small area. There stood the civilised Paul Gauguin. He was consumed with a flame which, as it lapped the edges of his nature, compelled him to passions of love and hatred, drove him to seek not gratification, but assuagement. I picture the whole world gyrating around that man's soul for years, a world he could never understand and in which he saw things desirable or undesirable whirling about him. He was like a man in a maelstrom. If he snatched at the trinkets of vice, he snatched at the things of virtue also,—and got no good of them. I picture him, at the crisis, being whirled away bodily to Tahiti by an irresistible force and set down in the land of his dreams blindfolded and without speech. I see him, accustomed to Paris and the cafés of the Latin Quarter looking about for his absinthe at six o'clock. Being a Frenchman, he had brought France with him: he knew nobody, but soon found a woman to amuse him. I do not teach, as Montaigne said, I relate . . . He did what most men of non-moral habit do in a strange place, more violently perhaps, but still the same.

In "Noa Noa" he describes his first awakening to the fact that he had not come thousands of miles from France to live with a half-caste *cocotte* whose ideal was to be as much like a white woman as possible. They were as ships that pass upon the same route but going in opposite directions. Each continued upon the journey.

The artist Gauguin was painfully seeking simplicity. Those who paint know how hard it is to paint in a totally unaccustomed manner without deliberately copying something. Like a child writing, "I will be good" for a punishment, Gauguin painted "I will be simple and naïve, like a child." The glass doors he painted in Mme. Char-

Paul Gauguin--Artist

bonnier's house, where he lived in Papeete, are probably the first essay of the thing which afterwards became Gauguin's "style." It is laboriously naive, yet the modern skilled draughtsmanship shows through the attempt in the woman's proportions, in her lines, in the disposition of spaces in the design. He had probably eaten a langouste for dinner, but he thought of it as homard, the familiar lobster of the north. He thought of a rabbit also, because children love bunnies, and he put one into his design, drawn as a child might draw it. There are neither rabbits nor lobsters in Tahiti, but he had already noticed the smooth black stones in the streams and he painted them, linking them together with painted lead lines, because he was painting on glass. In colour, his own inimitable gift expressed itself in beautiful harmony, and the result must have amused him. Later he painted another, more pictorial, less naïve, but realising the decorative possibilities of a new kind of picture. He never did any other painting on glass, but he had found something, born of an agony of striving in the direction of simplicity, and he applied in to his painting of more serious pictures. The charm of the natives touched him: in his life he had flouted conventional morality, but here were beautiful human creatures with proud simple contours, large boned, large in line and mass, large-hearted, adorable animals. They did not flout morality they did not know what morality was. They had no morals: they had the morals of the farmyard, but they had also the innocence of the farmyard. Desire is for gratification: law may teach and parson preach, but that, to a Tahitian, is an axiom. The utmost which moral precept means to a Polynesian is that the White God has an incomprehensible objection to human pleasures. Why? Who knows! The missionaries marry and have families, and sometimes they have families and do not marry. And then they are ashamed. Why? Who knows! The Tahitian may be terrified by threats of the White God's vengeance, he, or she, learns the convention of the individuals with whom they associate; their morality is

fluid and fits any mould, but their memory in the presence of temptation is the memory of the barn-door fowl, almost nil.

Gauguin found this primordial innocence so great a bar between him and the Tahitian women that it seemed almost insuperable. Tahiti did not stimulate him and excite him to excesses: on the contrary it calmed him for the first time. The ship of his soul had come through the reef waters into a great calm. The civilised approach to wooing he found was not current coin among the Tahitians. It made him feel small and ashamed in the presence of their wide-eyed innocence. He tells how he was welcomed by the country people where he built his house, near Papara, fifteen miles from Papeete. The women brought him gifts and flowers, their gaze of frank admiration penetrated right through him to the eternal hills at his back. They had no shame; they were shameless, because they had nothing to be ashamed of. But Paul Gauguin was ashamed before these still black eyes that were filled with wonder at his auburn hair and pointed nose, "like a canoe". The courtesan was packed off, there was no room for such as her in this house. He meant to find a wife, but being an artist, he must needs find her in the right way. He must be a native with a native's outlook and appeal. He had met with something which was far different from anything he had ever known before. His ideal woman was everywhere, and his love for this new woman was as deep as his love of life and earth and art. He was past forty, and at that age men may fall in love deeply, but not helplessly and without reflection as in the first blush of youth. From his book we know how simple was his wooing at the last, but his love is not best expressed in "Noa Noa"; we find it at its best in the painting he has left.

Art was the best thing he knew, his absorbing passion. If Tahiti gave him beauty and simplicity without the squalor of civilized houses and restaurants there was something he could give in return. He brought them art and he planned to paint no longer for exhibitions and for honours at the Salon. His wrangles with his friend

Paul Gauguin--Artist

van Gogh as to who really originated the new school of Post-impressionism vanished like a bad dream. Van Gogh was welcome to the title in Europe, he meant to found a native art for the Tahitians, in his estimation the only clean, sane and healthy people on earth.

He painted the people as they were, as he saw them. He worked as he had never worked before. He did not try to "idealize" them and there is not the faintest suggestion in any of his work which one could call immoral. He did not emphasize their nudity nor attempt to make them motifs for French Salon pictures: there is never a hint of impropriety in the glance of his women. The Tahitian woman has not got it. Gauguin loved their beauty, their maternity, their gladness and sadness, the wreaths in their hair, the sweep of the breadfruit branch holding out its candelabra of five-fingered leaves. He felt the dignity of this people and the sense that from time immemorial they had always lived and loved and died just as he saw them, and without doubt he echoed in his heart the prayer which Captain Cook made when he first discovered them, that white men should never come there to pollute so fair an Eden. That prayer, alas, was not heard in heaven.

To understand the art of Gauguin it is necessary to know a little of the contemporary art of his day, for Post-impressionism developed quite naturally out of the great Impressionist movement which so astonished the last generation. Monet, Manet and Renoir found Art in an almost stagnant condition: it had almost ceased to flow. Artists, even men of great ability, confused the means by which a painting is produced with the result. It was "art" to paint in this way and chicanery to paint in another way. The academicians of Carolus Duran's day had the right method; there was no other. Realism, or truth to nature was the goal to aim at, a suitable story supplied the pictorial motif and the composition must conform to certain rules based on the compositions of the old masters. It was something which could be learnt.

The French impressionists broke the

spell, not only by doing something entirely different in defiance of all accepted canons, but by demanding a greater honesty and greater truth. "What," they asked, does the eye really see? Is not nature sufficiently beautiful to inspire a painter without a little literary idea? All pictures looked dingy to Monet beside the brilliance of day: he became absorbed with the problem of brilliance and laboured to represent things as they appeared at a given moment, under given conditions. An impression is not a record of details, but the vision of what can be realised between the opening and closing of the eyes. Science was also experimenting with problems of lights, and chemistry was discovering new pigments. Painters began to concentrate on technical methods and interest themselves in the purity of the paint they used. It was essentially a period of studying technical problems in the art of painting.

Painters lost interest in the new problems as each found its solution in the hands of brilliant exponents. They became conscious that the personal touch of the artist actually expressed the type and temperament of the man. They realised that this intimate quality was the thing which made a picture live long after its story or subject had lost its special appeal. They observed anew the difference between Duccio and Giotto, Fra Angelico and Botticelli, Michelangelo and Leonardo: the colours they chose and loved, the pattern or arrangement of line and space. Harmony, balance and rhythm became common terms in the artists' jargon, and Whistler began to name his pictures in terms of music. People were less interested in the fact that a picture represented an annunciation or a secular theme or scene. They began to seek almost unconsciously, almost imperceptibly, the relation between the picture and the secret heart of the man who made it. Did the old masters suffer by the new comparisons? Not at all; the great ones became greater, the lesser one diminished in importance.

What does a man express in his life or his art? Exactly what he is, no more, no less. A great soul, who in his highest moments may perhaps attain to a faint de-

Paul Gauguin--Artist

gree of understanding the true meaning of life and the relation of man to God, may succeed in expressing it. A painter should be a craftsman always, but to pass the new critical standard he must be an artist. Michelangelo and Raphael were both great craftsmen, but Raphael pales into insignificance beside Michelangelo because Michelangelo was an infinitely greater soul. It is proclaimed by his paintings, not because they were better drawn or better painted, but because they were conceived in love, and born in strength and nobility. Beyond this point words cannot go; art becomes a matter of sensibility and training.

It is pathetic to hear a man who has learned to like art in one or more phases cry out against the Post-impressionists. He has learned to look for certain hall-marks by which the masterpiece may be recognised and misses them, as who should fail to recognise gold unstamped with the symbol of the State. The form is changed, but the message is the ring of true metal: nothing that either Gauguin, van Gogh, or Cézanne ever did, fails to give back the true sound. They vary in technical ability to draw and paint, they varied from day to day one might suppose, but the touch, quality, and calibre of each is much the same in the greatest and slightest of their works. Each was concerned with particular problems which they studied faithfully, but they were now not only the comparatively simple problems in matter, of the Impressionist. Art is always a matter of selection, and since every factor of truth cannot be gathered upon one plane surface, certain things must be sacrificed to gain certain other things. The smooth, suave surface of Watteau and Chardin had to be sacrificed to bring the sun upon Monet's haystacks and glittering cathedrals. Elaborate design and detail was sacrificed to obtain breadth and light. Minute details of colour were suppressed to lend power to broad masses of colour juxtaposed and accurate drawing must always be surrendered to interpret movement. These and a thousand other things occupied the Impressionists and their aims overlap, to a certain extent, those of the Post-impressionist.

The simplest general statement, however, is that the Impressionist seeks first to express what a thing looks like; the Post-impressionist tries to determine what difference the seeing of it has made to him. One is that last outpost of the art of representing, the other, the first herald of the art of interpreting the emotions which come after (post) receiving the impression.

Let it be granted that Gauguin tried to make pictures which, to him, interpreted the true nature of the Tahitian people.

If I were asked to say why I admire Gauguin, I should say it is because he has created a definite image of the Tahitians for everyone who has seen one of his pictures. This is the result of his study of them combined with great sincerity of purpose, great love for them and great desire to express his love and sincerity. That is not all he has done, but it is the keynote of his work.

On the purely aesthetic side I see in Gauguin amazingly beautiful colour showing a fine and cultivated sense of appreciation, though used with a broad, instinctive simplicity that is Giottesque. The naïve treatment of form he affects was done deliberately not to confuse the simple minds of his native audience: he sees things in broad masses and never attempts to represent exactly such things as folds in drapery or the textures of materials. The direct message is enough for the native mind, but the subtlety his own nature demanded is to be found in his delicately gradated colour, brilliant but restrained. Certain reds and yellows Gauguin has made his own. No artist can go to Tahiti and fail to see where they came from, and no artist can ever paint them without being accused of plagiarism. That shows that Gauguin was artist enough to absorb completely and to express finally the artistic essentials of the place in which he lived.

As a draughtsman Gauguin had great power at times, and in passages of draughtsmanship he equals anybody who ever lived. He realises with the finality of a master the character of the living thing before him and sets it before one, solid and eternal, like the early sculptures of Egypt, yet redolent of the scents and sounds of the South



Collection Dikran Kelekian

NATIVES OF TAHITI

PAUL GAUGUIN

Paul Gauguin--Artist

Seas as they are today. He was very unequal, partly because of his erratic nature which was passionately devoted at one moment and careless at another, and partly because he was continually striving to avoid the technical habits of a modern French-trained painter. He deliberately conventionalised his form to make its message plainer to his audience. He avoided foreshortened positions, especially in hands and feet, not because he was not interested to draw such occasionally but because the convention of things seen in perspective is hard for primitive people to understand. It was for the Tahitians that he painted, not for us.

The living love which Gauguin had for the people of his adoption is strong in everything he painted in Tahiti. Like Pierre Loti, he had the deepest interest in the traditions of the Tahitian race, but the difference between "*Le Mariage de Loti*" and "*Noa Noa*" shows the difference between a white man's passing sensual fancy for a native girl, and the deeper, serious, almost solemn desire of a white man to shed the shackles of his civilization and be a native himself. There is not a hint of such a desire in Loti; he records an experience in which is told an unequal love incident. Gauguin tried to be the equal of the natives. He loved their superstitions and tales of the Gods, for, to an agnostic, the beliefs of one people about the origin of life and speculations on the idea of Deity are as important as that of any other. He cared not merely for the beauty of their bodies and their aesthetic possibilities, he cared for the deep superstitions which the thin veneer of Christianity has not really disturbed at all. I can see in the eyes of his models the dream of ancient Tahiti before the white man came. In spite of the absence of realistic details in his pictures, I can feel the atmosphere in their houses of reeds, through which the warm evening breeze filters itself and breathes gently upon the satin surface of their golden skins. The eternal round of the tethered brown horse which crops the vivid green beneath the mango

trees is a Tahitian reality, and the savour of vanilla or aromatic, pungent smell of drying copra comes into Gauguin's pictures like part of the design, despite their primitive conventions and arbitrary limitations.

How exquisite too is the pattern of a Gauguin, always...the balance between mass of green and mass of gold, the mauve exaggerations of the reddish sandy earth: how essentially true they are though I know they are emphasized principally to enhance the power of the scarlet pareu which every native wears. The combinations of his colour are truths expressed in poetic form when they seem least possible, and in the great restfulness of his pictures he makes a poem of the indolence of Tahiti: that sweet estate of rest and delight in doing nothing, hour after hour, which maddens the Anglo-Saxon to see, and the American perhaps still more. The furious desire to do things, however useless, is not known to Tahiti, though it is being laboriously taught to those who will listen. The native can dream happily for hours at a time about the Gods which Gauguin often introduces into his landscapes. Gauguin never saw them there, for all the idols in the island were burned in the time of King Pomare I somewhere about 1815.

I do not know if the soul of Tahiti was saved by that holocaust. I fear that whiskey has been stronger than salvation, but the fragrance of the burnt offering to Jehovah only intensified the existence of the ancient Gods in the dreams of the people. It may be that European vices have corrupted the people until salvation is impossible for them, but in the last day, —the pictures of Gauguin bear witness,— I think the ancient Gods, born of the ignorance and sublime innocence of that gentle race, will rise up to defend their own, and Taroa, whose last effigies are now only to be seen in ethnological museums, will speak once more from triple-pointed Aorai and the golden people, smiling their lovely inscrutable smiles and wreathed with tiare flowers, will pad softly on their naked feet into the garden of everlasting Elysium.

A Lesson in Art

LESSON IN ART BY LILIAN HALL CROWLEY

Scene: The Art Gallery of a Woman's Club. Modern pictures and copies of famous paintings on both side walls. Some statuary near by.

Oh, how do you do? I'm so glad to see you! I'm on my way to an auction bridge party in the neighborhood. I just happened to notice, in the Register, that you were in charge of the art gallery today—I found I was fifteen minutes early—and I decided to run in and have you tell me all about the pictures.

You must have a gorgeous time here! Nothing to do but look at beautiful pictures! You don't mean that you actually hang them? Why I thought the janitor hung the pictures. Well, why couldn't you just telephone down and tell him to hang them? I don't see why he couldn't—all there is about it is to have wire and hooks, and any good janitor ought to be strong enough to hang pictures.

You have catalogues? Thank you! No. 13,—Portrait of the Artist's Mother. Dear me! Would an artist paint his mother like that? Why, without any clothes on! Oh, it isn't the Artist's Mother? Venus! Well, dear me! I've looked at the wrong number. It is so easy to get numbers mixed.

Well, I declare! There's a picture I know—there—that's the one hundred dollar prize picture, isn't it? It isn't! Oh, Mr. Cumming, the head of the Art School painted it. But why did Mr. Cumming paint Mr. Velasquez's picture? Why didn't Mr. Velasquez paint it himself? It doesn't look a bit like Mr. Cumming's pictures. Oh, Velasquez died in 1660. Well, no wonder I couldn't remember him. Any man who has been dead as long as he has can't expect to be remembered. Mr. Cumming copied it in the Louvre, you say? Oh, that's that old place in Paris where the kings and queens used to run up and down secret stairways all the time—Henri IV, and the rest of that crowd. I've read all about them in Dumas' novels. I think it is just as

hard to remember those old has-beens as it is to remember pictures. The only old Henry I can remember is Henry VIII, and that is because he wasn't for Woman Suffrage. He used to live in the Louvre or Windsor Castle—one or the other.

This is a copy of Raphael. Where does he live? Oh, he's dead too. And this is Whistler's Mother. Who painted Whistler's Mother?—Oh!

Wouldn't these pictures be gorgeous in a dining-room? That's one thing I do know. One should always hang pictures of fruit or fish, or onions or game, or anything to eat, in a dining-room. You don't mean it! I'm wrong there, too? My, how the styles do change!

Yes, the pictures are very pretty, very pretty indeed, although some of them look like poor art to me. I suppose the artists will reduce the price of those with the poorest frames.

Oh, look at the darling statue! Oh, Canova's Hebe! Was she his wife or his daughter?

Oh, by the way, have you noticed my new gown? Yes, right from Paris—hat also—but I'm simply worried to death for fear we won't be able to get gloves from France for a long time. I absolutely will not wear American made gloves; I'll go without first.

That's a picture of a La Farge window in Boston. I must have seen it there if it's in Trinity Church; I've gone to service there lots of times. But, Dearie, didn't you know that stained glass was out of style? Yes, indeed! Gone out with Oriental rugs; nobody in this town buys Oriental rugs. Everyone uses plain carpets! I presume they will take all the rugs out of the museums now.

Oh, my! How I do chat—when I must finish the pictures. Only, first I want to tell you I saw the Carpenter collection the other day, and between you and me, I think the paintings are just trash! They are not painted plainly enough; great splashes of paint that are not a bit smooth. They look so funny when one is close to them. Give me a smooth picture every time.

A Lesson in Art

Now those two pictures over there—see, the canvas isn't completely covered. Do you think the artist ran out of brown paint? And this one has gobs of paint on it. It ought to be smooth. Don't you see? Even if they are good artists they make mistakes, don't they?

Anyway I am awfully glad I could come and learn all about this exhibition—only to my mind that picture over there—the one with so much water in it—is the best one in the building. When it was given to the club, some one thought it was pancake batter running over the rocks; only any one can see that the artist must have meant it for water in that particular place, because no one would want pancake batter there, would one?

I saw a lovely picture in a window somewhere near the railroad bridge. I was in a hurry, but I had to stop and look at it. It was a picture of a perfectly beautiful angel. The picture was ever so much larger than anything here. Oh, ever so much larger! She had the loveliest wings; you could see every feather as distinctly as could be. It seems the angel was discouraged about so much sin in the world and was seeking the good—beg pardon—Oh, yes! perhaps she was a sort of spiritual Diogenes. Any way she had fallen over a cliff and was lying down on the rocks terribly hurt. It was a lovely picture!

Oh, dear! I must go. But first I want to know how you liked the picture of the roast beef that was in the city a while ago? You didn't see it? My dear, but you missed a treat! I must tell you about it. It certainly was a fine picture—not beautiful like the angel, but just as natural as life. I wish I could have had that picture, although I know my cook would have put it in the oven, it looked so like the real thing! The artist himself said it was a wonderful picture. He said he was the first artist since—Oh, I forget his name—Some Dutch artist who lived hundreds of years ago—Rembrandt, did you say? Well whoever he was he painted raw meat, and this artist, the one I'm talking about—is the first one to paint raw meat since that time. He said the Women's Club ought to have it

in their collection, but the Art Advisory Committee didn't appreciate it.

Let me see over here. Gilbert Stuart, Benjamin West, Copley, Sully. Well, goodness me, whoever heard of those men? Are they well known? Of course, everyone knows those portraits of George Washington. So Gilbert Stuart painted them? I always thought those were chromos.

Statue of Ariadne. Why I saw a picture of her in the movies. Hazel Dawn played the part. Oh, yes! Ariadne had a long string of some kind and she took somebody somewhere.

Japanese prints. Goodness, aren't they horrid? Paper things are n't they? Why my uncle has perfectly beautiful Japanese pictures. They are painted on satin and velvet. I wouldn't have those pictures painted on that old paper. Why don't you have silk ones?

There is a picture I like. That madonna at the piano. Oh, it's St. Cecilia at the organ? Oh, well, what's the difference?

No. 9,—Psyche executed in terra cotta. My, those Russians are awful!

No. 10—Bust of Voltaire. Oh, yes, he's the man who found out that the world is round.

I telephoned Mrs. Jones to come with me to see the pictures; she said she had so much to do she could n't possibly get here. I told her that one of the pictures was worth ten thousand dollars. Then she said she'd come if it killed her! She had no idea they were so expensive.

Bust of Dante. Is that the bust that the Women's Club purchased? What has he ever done for this town?

I saw a lovely plate in one of the department stores; it had a picture of the Angelus on it. It must have been a copy, because Millet never painted on china, did he?

No. 11.—Portrait of Mrs. X. Goodness, that hat and dress went out of style five years ago. Hasn't she money enough to have the artist paint the clothes over?

Well, goodbye, and thank you ever so much. I won't have to come again, you've been so good. Goodbye! Good-bye!

Book Reviews

BEAUTY TOUCHED WITH STRANGENESS." A REVIEW OF "ART AND I," BY C. LEWIS HIND. JOHN LANE COMPANY.

By James N. Rosenberg.

Hind is a friend of mine. Lane, who publishes his book, is the publisher of this magazine. How, then, can I dare to say anything disagreeable about Hind's book? But, fortunately, I don't have to cross that bridge. For I give you my word, it's a good book.

"Art and I." The title intrigues. And it's a truly descriptive title. Just as one might call a book "Phyllis and I."

For art to Hind is no abstraction, but a human contact. Hind is art's lover, art's wooer, art's worshipper. Sometimes he chooses to poke fun at her. . . Sometimes his mood is serious; but he never dogmatizes, preaches, lectures, or becomes dull.

Yet, though he writes of art as a boy whistling down a lane on a May morning, the extraordinary thing about his book is the wisdom of it. Wisdom without didacticism. An art book that has real stuff in it, yet is light enough reading for a hammock on an August afternoon. Does this begin to sound like adulation? I'll prove my point.

The first article describes Hind's visit to a dealer. They talk about pictures.

"How did you acquire your knowledge of art?" Hind asks. The reply: "My father taught me to understand pictures through the eyes, not the ears."

Let the picture buyer reflect on this.

Here's another bit: "Now we moderns are all looking at El Greco. He links yesterday with today."

Study Cézanne, Gauguin, Lautrec, Matisse, and you'll see how Hind sums up El Greco.

Of an exhibition of Albert Ryder's pictures, Hind says: "He never faltered. . . . In the forty-eight works shown there was not one that fails to express his conversation with eternity."

Let critics write reams about Ryder. They'll not sum him up better.

Take this morsel. Hind goes into a gallery. He praises somebody's pictures. "Yes," says the Proprietor, "he's a searcher." "He said the word 'Searcher,'" Hind remarks,

"with conviction and appreciation, as if he were uttering a synthesis of all he thought and felt and dreamed about the business of making art."

Of this Hind has the following comment: "That sentence, 'He's a Searcher,' remained, and still remains with me. Come to think of it, the art that we like is the art of those who search. So few search; so many (they cannot help it, their minds have ceased to function) never search."

Of course, Hind can't make me believe that it was a dealer who described a painter as the "Searcher." It's a trick of Hind's. He puts his wise words into other people's mouths. But that doesn't matter.

This little paragraph about searchers alone makes the book an admirable investment for artists—especially American artists.

I'm not going to be nasty. I could write a list of names as long as my arm. Names of skillful painters who are not searchers. I recommend Hind's book to them. They'll get bits of wisdom with which to mix their paints.

I turned the page. In this same essay called "Searchers," I picked this up: "Arthur B. Davies is a searcher in technique as well as subject. He is a tireless searcher, and he seeks the goal that Botticelli and Piero di Cosimo sought, long ago, beauty touched with strangeness."

O, painters, heed. Heed the words "beauty touched with strangeness." There's a lot in those words—something of the light that never was on sea or land, of mystery, of emotion, of the inward turn of the spirit, of the things without which no picture arouses the æsthetic emotion.

And now I ask you, Lewis Hind, whether or not I have done well by you. Do you recall what you said to me when I told you they'd asked me to review your book? I'll remind you. For it stuck.

"Rawther glad you're going to do it," you drawled, "for you're rawther clever, even if a bit shallow."

Also received:

HISTORY AND METHODS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PAINTING, Vol. III. By James Ward. E. P. Dutton & Company.



Courtesy Milch Gallery

DETAIL FROM
SUPPER AT EMMAUS

GARI
MELCHERS

WATER-COLOURS AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

MESSRS. AGNEW have held many spring exhibitions of water-colour drawings in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, but perhaps there has never been one with unfamiliar masterpieces in such a number and such even distribution over the range of the English art, as the exhibition which has just closed. There have been rows of even more resplendent Turners, but this year, too, he has the predominant place, as is his due for his overwhelming fertility and the exuberance of his effect. De Wint ran Turner close even in size and richness of colour, and, though Cotman was absent, more than the usual space was given to Girtin. But the principal novelty was the greater share of importance allowed to the predecessors of Girtin and Turner, and after the interest aroused by the recent show of the earlier

men at Cambridge it is not dangerous to prophesy that they will loom more and more largely in such exhibitions as time goes on, and it becomes recognised that they are not mere precursors but had a distinctive and valuable art of their own. ♦

Of these earlier men John Cozens holds the foremost place. He was magnificently represented. There was two years ago a fine series of his smaller works, but nothing of the monumental quality of the four principal drawings by him in this year's exhibition—the *Villa Frascati*, the *Lake Albano*, *The Goat-herd*, and the so-called *Mountains of Elba*. There were also an *Italian lake*, one of his slighter, coloured sketches and two of the direct monochrome studies from Nature which he made in Switzerland in 1776. The *Frascati* and the *Albano* are full of varied but subdued colour. The *Elba* and *The Goat-herd*, contemporary drawings, are in deliberately cool grey tones. It is in these that his extraordinary



"LAKE ALBANO" [ALSO CALLED
"LAKE NEMI"]. BY J. R. COZENS



"THE GOAT-HERD." BY J. R. COZENS
(Acquired by the National Art Gallery
of Victoria, Melbourne)

sensitiveness to tonality is most evident. The depths and varieties of the foliage in the wood in one, the subtle play of light on the cold hillside in the other, are presented by almost imperceptible touches of tone, occasionally by spots of ochre or blue, which build up the fullest effect of atmosphere and suggest space and distance without either exaggeration of values or the slightest confusion of planes. ▀ ▀

In these two drawings, also, the subtlety and sensitiveness of Cozens's composition were best exhibited. He repeated certain subjects over and over again, no doubt, on commission, and some, of course, are mere tired and mechanical repetitions. But in others he worked upon the composition, varying it and improving it, perhaps elaborating details with too much subtlety, but

always with genuine interest. In this he is like his master, Wilson, and they are almost alone among English painters in making their pictures better than their sketches. Nor is his composition conventional or empty. On the contrary his harmony is never merely easy nor his rhythm mellifluous. His effects are sometimes so subtle as to appear abrupt, and the details in themselves are often disconcerting. In this version of *The Goat-herd* the outward and forward thrust of the tree trunks makes a very bold and original design, fully suggesting the close, overhanging character of the wood. In the *Elba* a tiny spot representing a chapel hanging on the edge of the cliff in the very centre of the picture—a feature less developed in other versions—gives at once a point of view and an emphasis on the swirl

WATER-COLOURS AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S



"WINDERMERE FROM AMBLE-SIDE." BY FRANCIS TOWNE

of lines. In the *Albano* his subtlety and abruptness have gone too far. The curve of the lake is too steep for the straight line of the surrounding cliff side ; the picture seems broken and unbalanced, and it only falls together when looked at from above as Cozens looked at the scene when he drew it. In other versions this fault is

corrected by emphasising and enlarging the nearest portion of the hill. At the same time the top right-hand portion of the drawing is flattened out by the removal of the mountain, and the trend of the composition becomes horizontal instead of diagonal. ▯

There is a word to say about the nomenclature of two of these drawings. That



"MONTE CAVO—IN THE CAMPAGNA." BY FRANCIS TOWNE



'BRIDGE AND WATERFALL
NEAR LLYNGWELLYN"
BY FRANCIS TOWNE

sold at Sotheby's and exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's as *Lake Nemi* is a view of Albano with Castel Gandolfo. Of several other versions known with that name one was reproduced in *THE STUDIO* in February, 1917. The other point is more mysterious. The versions of the great divided mountain are always called *Mountains in Elba*. Perhaps there is a good forgotten reason for this. But a magnificent variant which belongs to Mr. Girtin brings apparently the same mountains right down to the sea where there is a strange half Oriental town with shipping. It is inscribed at the back *Cittario*. A drawing by Warwick Smith of the same subject and inscribed more fully, *Cittario on the Bay of Salerno*, was among the Northwick drawings dispersed at Sotheby's in 1919. The place meant is without doubt Cetara. Unless, as is possible, mountains from Elba have been placed above a view of Cetara, the very effective piece of foreground which occurs in most versions and the little chapel apparently seen from high up in this are probably pure "chic,"

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for the mountains could scarcely look the same from the sea, as from a point high above it. Such liberties were of the essence of the art of these great masters of landscape composition. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

A special feature in this year's exhibition was a selection of some eight drawings by John Cozens's elder contemporary Francis Towne. This artist was practically unknown until a few years ago, because with too long an aim for posthumous appreciation he left the best of his work to the British Museum, where it lay invisible in volumes until Mr. Binyon praised it in his catalogue, and because, unlike most artists, he bequeathed the rest to a family sufficiently well-to-do and proud of their possessions not to dispose of it at the first opportunity. He lived much of his life away from London in Exeter, and never worked for the engravers, which is the surest way to secure a place in the history of Art. A journey to Italy and Switzerland in 1780-81 was his high water mark. Nearly all the coloured Italian drawings



"A RUINED ABBEY"
BY T. GIRTIN

were left *en bloc* to the British Museum, and consequently there was nothing at Messrs. Agnew's gallery to illustrate the richness and even brilliance of colour with which he, as other contemporary artists, represented Italian scenes, nor the grandeur and effective composition of his ruins and buildings. But the *Naples* is sketched with pleasant freedom and freshness, and the two views from near Monte Cavo in the environs of Rome, quaintly named "The spot where Hannibal is said to have looked at Rome from," show his boldness of vision and effective simplification of planes. *The source of the Arvion* has much greater depth and subtlety of colour, and is his most imaginative composition. The other drawings were in the quieter and more conventional, and therefore, perhaps, more generally acceptable mood, in which he saw Wales before, and the Lakes, after he had visited the Continent. *Llyngwellyn*, pleasant as it is and well composed, is a little empty and wanting in freedom and

spatial structure as were all his works before he went abroad. The four Lake views are consciously cool and quiet. One of two long drawings is reproduced here and is a good example of one of his most marked characteristics, the careful building up of a pattern by means of almost flat washes of colour. All of these were his original drawings from Nature, coloured up afterwards and retained by the artist as examples from which the patron could choose subjects for reproduction in oil or water-colour. The sketch book from which the two long Lake drawings were torn still exists; the *Arvion* is made up of two sheets of the size on which the mass of his other Swiss sketches were drawn. This method was followed by many other men of his date, for their portraits as well as for landscapes, and often the version based on the original study was totally different in technique. Towne in such finished drawings and generally in his later work discarded the pen outline. ■ ■ ■

WATER-COLOURS AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S

Towne, so far as is known now, had no influence on his contemporaries or the younger generation. Of the former, Marlow and Wheatley were well represented. The men of the next generation, Hearne, Rooker, Dayes and Alexander, were all exhibited. They, following one side of Sandby, excelled in the minute representation of interesting or pleasant detail, and are the true precursors of the Birket Fosters of the nineteenth century. Certainly there is something particularly suitable to English landscape in miniature portrayal of little scenes and precise, almost stippled, building up of a sometimes sparkling but never brilliant atmosphere. ♪ ♪ ♪

Cozens on the other hand was a force of great importance. Constable was his great prophet, but Girtin also owed much to him. Girtin began as a pupil of Dayes and surpassed him in careful and dainty miniatures of ruins and buildings for the antiquarian's cabinet, but this was not his true genius. He copied Cozens as he copied Canaletto or Piranesi, even at a late stage in his short

life, and, all the more because he did not go abroad until the very end, he was dependent on them for support in enlarging his vision and freeing his hand. His copy in the British Museum of a *Geneva* by Cozens shows the origin of the long flat lines which form the distance in the *Lyme Regis* at this exhibition, and Cozens might have taught him to subdue their emphasis as he taught him the dignity of the broad untroubled foreground in the same and many another drawing. The way in which the ruin in the *Kirkstall* becomes merely an incident in a quiet, subtle landscape also owes something to Cozens. It is worlds apart from the unrelieved but unimpressive prominence which such ruins assume in the topographic portraits of Girtin's other masters and his own early period. It is perhaps mere accident that the *Stepping Stones on the Wharfe* reproduces almost exactly the abruptness and awkwardness of Cozens's *Albano*; at any rate in this drawing the colour and the liquid manner are entirely his own. So, too, in the depths of



"THE SILENT POOL"
BY T. GIRTIN



"ST. PRIVÉ." BY
H. HARPIGNIES

colour and naïf English tenderness of *The Silent Pool*, except for certain similarities of technical detail with the practice of Cozens, Girtin is himself alone. Quite apart from Cozens, too, are the golden glow of the *Exmouth* and the richness of the full wet brush work in the *Ruined Abbey*, but in all of Girtin's mature work there is a sobriety and reticence, and generally a striving after dignity of form and atmosphere which bring him within the great tradition and the group to which Cozens belongs. It is this, joined with a new technical excellence, which converts his early tightness of hand and vision into the freedom and plenitude of the *Ruined Abbey*. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

In Turner, on the contrary, the new found glories of colour overwhelm the older traditions and while, unlike Girtin, he deliberately set himself out to surpass them on their own ground, he often seems to have missed their essentials. He is at bottom much more closely akin to the

school of copper-plate engravers in which he began. Even in the work of, and after, his first Swiss journey when the technical similarity with Cozens is naturally most marked, Turner fails to catch the essence of his spirit. In the *Lucerne* at Messrs. Agnew's, apart from the vivid foreground, very little is added to Cozens's colour, but everything of real grandeur, rest and dignity is sacrificed in the fretfulness of the composition and the over-manipulation of surface and detail. For a still earlier period the two well-known copies of Cozens, which were shown here side by side with the originals, are naturally of the greatest interest, but till the doubt raised by Mr. Finberg as to the authorship of the whole group is definitely settled, too much stress must not be laid on them. Certainly the copies are inferior to the originals where they depart from them. Bold features and restful surfaces are broken up, ornamented and enfeebled and, wherever possible, simplicity is re-



"VILLAGE BY THE RIVER"
BY PETER DE WINT, R.A.

placed by daintiness. There is nothing in this which is inconsistent with Turner's authorship. He was only a youth when the copies were made and, like Girtin, trained in a school which was the most remote from Cozens. Further, his very genius for colour—brilliance, that is, not subtlety of colour—which was in the eyes of his predecessors only an embellishment of secondary importance, argues a lack of sympathy with the qualities of composition and dignity which they held highest. He is at his best in his sketches where colour and form are of one inspiration or the latest work, where colour is everything and form merely hinted at. Elsewhere the blaze of colour cannot entirely mask the pettiness of the forms it clothes nor make one forget its total independence of them. Both the *Pembroke* and the *Grenoble* gain from reduction in size, for which the former, at any rate, was intended.

Because it is not true, as was once held, that English water-colour was born with Turner, it does not follow that it died

with him. This was, of course, abundantly shown at Messrs. Agnew's, but space does not suffice for any mention of the later works except the two drawings which are reproduced here. The first is one of de Wint's rapid sketches which with their full colour and spontaneous brushwork represented him more happily than the large water-colours, exceptionally fine though they were. The other, Harpignies' *St. Privé*, made the naturalistic work of his English contemporaries look woolly and unsubstantial, neither decorative nor true. The fresh vision of the English landscape artists had to be transported to France in order to join the best qualities of the older school which Turner could afford to sacrifice, but the want of which in his imitators led to empty rhetoric and a natural reaction against the whole tradition.

A. P. OPPÉ.

[The Editor desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Messrs. Agnew & Sons for giving facilities for making the reproductions accompanying the foregoing article.]



"PEMBROKE CASTLE," (c. 1829).
BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

LITHOGRAPHS FROM THE 11TH EXHIBITION OF THE SENEFELDER CLUB

(Leicester Galleries, London, February 1921)



"SPLASH!" BY
E. BLAMPIED, R.E.



"A SAWYER." BY FRANK
BRANGWYN, R.A.



"THE THEATRE QUEUE"
BY G. SPENCER-PRYSE



"SI L'AMOUR S'EGARE ICI-
BAS." BY ETHEL GABAIN



"SPECTATORS AT A TRAGIC
PLAY." BY JOHN COPLEY
(Senefelder Club)

THE WATER-COLOURS OF MR.
STAFFORD LEAKE. BY MALCOLM
C. SALAMAN. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

WHEN a picture hanging on a gallery wall with other exhibits distinguishes itself from its neighbours, and seems to say to us, "Rest here with me awhile, I have something to say to you," one feels instinctively responsive to the appeal, for the mental restlessness invariably induced by a heterogeneous collection of pictures has been suddenly arrested by a mood of artistic tranquillity. Now, the water-colour drawings of Mr. Stafford Leake usually have this effect. Their content may be the enviroing landscape or old buildings of the storied towns of Northern or Southern France; they may afford the spectator's eye a remoter and

stranger experience among the native habitations of East Africa; but the artistic message will be beauty implicit in the harmonious compact of simple design and glowing or reticent colour which the pictorial essentials of the scene offer to the painter's imaginative vision. That vision is always individual, and if, in its intuition of the structural elements of a scene that lend themselves to breadth and dignity of design, it suggests at times happy reminiscence of Cotman's noble pictorial way, the emotional impulse of Mr. Leake's colour-vision reveals a temperament artistically susceptible to romantic glamour rather than to the actual effect of natural light. This would seem to explain a special fondness for certain blues that he is not always able to keep under harmonious control, though

WATER-COLOURS BY STAFFORD LEAKE

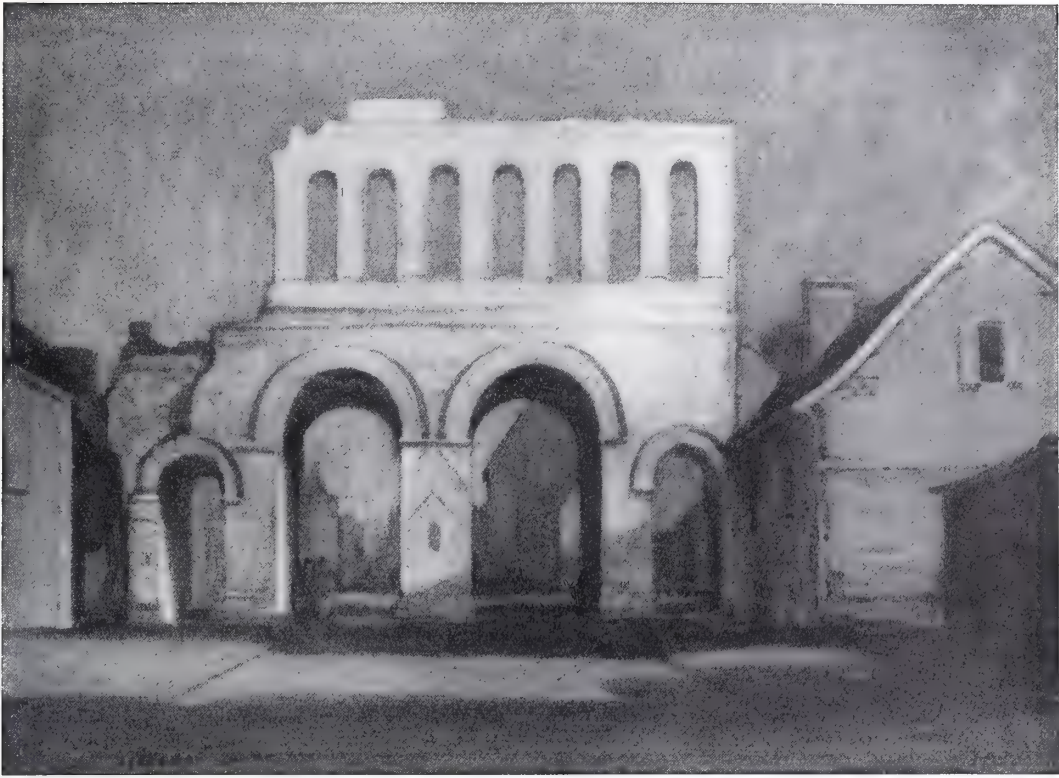
when his vision is truly held by the spell of an East African night he conveys to us with impressive beauty the solemn scenic influence of its blue intensity of sky. This is notable particularly in the more spacious and comprehensive version of the drawing, *Near Dar es Salaam*, reproduced here. In both versions the Arab house with its white plastered walls takes the eye with dignity, but in the larger drawing we see it at an hour when the sky is paling with a haunting glow, and the shadows are not of the deep blue that seems to obtrude a little stridently on the harmonious solemnity of the drawing we see here. Impressive, too, is *The Boma, Morogoro*—a native enclosure suffused with the blue glamour of an Afric night. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

It was while serving with the Royal Engineers through the campaign in German East Africa that Mr. Leake made

these drawings. He had joined as a dispatch-rider, since that adventure promised varied excitement and scenic opportunity, and not Don Quixote himself loved his Rosinante more than did Mr. Leake his motor-bicycle. But with pictorial motives strange and attractive offering themselves, the artist in him would out at any opportunity for drawing, and then his graphic ability was requisitioned by the R.E.'s Topographical Section for map-making. As far as I know, his drawings record none of the military activities of the campaign, but they show him responsive to the pictorial aspect of native buildings in lone places aglow with strange hues. The effect of one incident, however, we see in the drawing reproduced as *Damage on the Central Railway at Mikesse*. The Germans had blown up the bridge over the river some fifty miles from Dar es Salaam, and had



"NEAR DAR ES SALAAM"
BY STAFFORD LEAKE



"A STREET IN AUTUN"
BY STAFFORD LEAKE

then driven their locomotives on to the débris, and in the ordered confusion resulting Mr. Leake's intuition for design discerned the elements of an interesting pictorial pattern. His controlling sense of design is evident in all this artist's pictures, and doubtless he owes it in a measure to his having, during his training at the Campden School of Art, made a special study for the career he followed for some years of a designer of wall-papers.

Mr. Leake is seldom attracted pictorially by landscape that does not offer as a salient feature some work made by man, be it a bridge, a viaduct, an old gateway, or houses over which time has hung the lamp of memory, lighted though never so dimly. The ancient towns of France have afforded him many a subject that has enlisted his pictorial sympathies to impressive artistic issue. He was on a sketching tour in the valley of the

Rhone when the War broke out, and near Montélimart he was arrested on suspicion of espionage, together with his companion, the Dutch artist, Mr. Hubert van Hooydonk, and they were detained for three weeks before proofs of their nationality and identity were accepted. But happily, ere this unpleasant if exciting experience Mr. Leake had visited places of such abiding interest as Rochemaur, Autun, Vienne, and recorded his pictorial visions of each in notable drawings. A ruined building would seem to have always a fascination for Mr. Leake, and in *A Street in Autun* (Bibracte of the ancients) he shows us how the Porte d'Arroux in its surviving simplicity and dignity of ruin lends itself to noble design. The ruins of the Castle at Rochemaur, seen in a blue evening light as they stand in solemn solitude on their rocky base, above the stone houses of the old village



"DAMAGE ON THE CENTRAL RAILWAY
AT MIKESSE." BY STAFFORD LEAKE

built on the slopes, have moved the artist to a drawing of strange beauty in which he has yielded with pictorial advantage to his fondness for glamour. In *A Courtyard in Vienne* he gives us a suggestive vision of that very ancient historic town, an *allure* of mystery investing the silver grey tones that fill the design. No less than the South does Northern France inspire the art of Mr. Leake, Brittany more potently perhaps than Normandy; yet our colour-reproduction of *Entrance to the Ruins, Beaumont le Roger*, shows that in the precincts of what time has left of the ancient abbey of that storied town our artist has found his vision stimulated to pictorial expression of simple charm. In no drawing of his, perhaps, have form and tone responded in more delicate harmony to the sensitiveness of his art and the romantic suggestion of his temperament. In Brittany it is the rugged landscape in the neighbourhood of Carhaix,

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that has inspired his most expressive draughtsmanship in tonal scheme and design of a distinguished reticence. Morlaix, on the other hand, is apt to tempt Mr. Leake to a revel with his favourite blues. It is well that the varied charm of his work may be enjoyed in London during the present month in the galleries of the Fine Art Society. ▯ ▯

The picture galleries at the Victoria and Albert Museum, occupied during the war by the Board of Education, are undergoing redecoration before being reopened to the public. In the meantime a temporary exhibition of selected water-colours has been arranged in Rooms 88 and 90. Drawings by Cozens, Girtin, Turner, Crome, Cotman, De Wint, David Cox, and others are hung in Room 88, while in the other room are shown a number of more recent acquisitions, with special reference to Brabazon and Sir Alfred East.



"ENTRANCE TO THE RUINS, BEAUMONT
LE ROGER." WATER-COLOUR BY
STAFFORD LEAKE, R.B.A.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

THOUGH it is now more than three years since the last instalment of "Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture" appeared in these pages, it is scarcely necessary to explain why this feature, now resumed with a slightly different title, has remained so long in abeyance. Government restrictions on private building during the war, and the tremendous increase in the cost of every element in construction which has ensued in the meantime have operated as an effectual barrier to the execution of projects which would otherwise have kept architects busy.

Nor is it possible to ignore the effect of the heavy demands made upon the individual in the shape of taxes. For years before the war there was a decided trend on the part of the fairly prosperous classes to give up residence in town and have houses built to their own designs on the outskirts, paying for them out of their savings, past or future, but so much of their income now goes to the tax collector, that very few can think of building houses. Thus the activities of architects and builders have of late been centred almost entirely upon the schemes promoted by public bodies for providing houses for the working classes. In not a few cases, however, the attention of both architects



BILLESLEY MANOR, NEAR ALCESTER
—THE GREAT HALL WITH GALLERY
ABOVE. M. EYRE WALKER AND
A. W. HARWOOD, ARCHITECTS FOR
THE RESTORATION WORK



BILLESLEY MANOR, NEAR ALCESTER
—SOUTH FRONT WITH GARDEN
ENTRANCE. M. EYRE WALKER AND
A. W. HARWOOD, ARCHITECTS FOR
THE RESTORATION WORK



BILLESLEY MANOR, NEAR ALCESTER
—DINING ROOM. M. EYRE
WALKER AND A. W. HARWOOD,
ARCHITECTS FOR THE RESTORA-
TION WORK

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION



DINING ROOM FIREPLACE
OF HOUSE AT BYFLEET
M. EYRE WALKER AND A.
W. HARWOOD, ARCHITECTS

and owners has been turned to the possibilities of utilizing existing old buildings by reconstructing or adapting them to meet modern needs, and there must be, up and down the country, a large number of houses of various kinds and dates which admit of this treatment. One instance is afforded by the country house of which some illustrations are here given.

The Manor of Billesley, in Warwickshire, dates back to the time of William the Conqueror, and is mentioned in Domesday Book. It passed into the hands of the Earls of Warwick from one of whom, in 1165, the Manor was held by Osbert Trussel. It remained in his family apparently for the next 400 years, when it was sold to Sir Robert Lee, son of the Lord Mayor of London of that name. Sir Robert rebuilt a large part of the house, and it is possible that most of the oldest part of the house as it at present stands is his work—dating about

1600. This part comprises the present boudoir, the dining room, vestibule and the billiard room, all on the south side, as shown in the illustration opposite, with the rooms over these. The great hall contains a very fine Jacobean chimney piece. Part of the entrance hall wing, running at right angles to the south front, was built about thirty years ago. The later work of restoration consisted in the rearrangement and repair of much of the panelling, the replacing of modern chimneys by shafts in two-inch bricks to harmonize with the old stacks, structural repairs and alterations, with the formation of the great hall and gallery, the main staircase and offices with their decorations. New hot water, electric light and drainage systems were also installed. Messrs. Walker & Harwood were the architects responsible for the restoration work for the present owner, H. Burton Tate, Esq.



"DISQUIETUDE, 1914." DRY-POINT BY JAMES MCBEY

With these illustrations we give one of a fireplace in a house at Byfleet, built from the design of Messrs. Walker and Harwood. Constructed of multi-coloured bricks with flush joints, this fireplace has a very homely appearance, pleasing emphasis being given to the arch by the curved character of each brick and the slightly projecting centre bricks. ▯

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents).

LONDON.—Mr. E. S. Lumsden has found many motives for etching in Benares and its Holy River, but seldom has his fine sense of design been stirred with more beautiful and dignified result than it was when he etched his *Ganges Boats, Morning*, seen here in reproduction. Every detail of this large boat, of picturesque local build and character, with its bamboo mast, its high matting-roofed cabin, helps

the charm of the design, in which the subsidiary rowing and sailing boats are important factors. But the expressiveness of the drawing, the command of the etching, are masterly, else had we not realized the atmosphere so completely filled with the heavy morning heat of the ambient sunshine. Mr. Lumsden is at last taking his proper place among the masters of etching, and *Ganges Boats, Morning*, will support him there. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

In Mr. James McBey's dry-point, *Disquietude*, 1914, we find another triumph of graphic expression. The drawing is exquisite in its tender simplicity; the face of the young woman pressed against the hand of the upraised arm that supports it, is instinct with the apprehension of unknown terrors inseparable from the presage of war. How eloquent the eyes are of the fears that grip the heart and haunt the day and the night! This dry-point was a sketch of Mrs. Martin Hardie, done in 1914, when the air was filled with war's alarms. ▯



"GANGES BOATS, MORNING."
FROM AN ETCHING BY E. S. LUMSDEN, R.E.
(Messrs. Colnaghi & Co.)





"LA BARRIÈRE CASSÉE." ETCH-
ING BY EILEEN SOPER

Miss Eileen Soper, whose delightful etching, *La Barrière Cassée*, we reproduce, is the gifted daughter of Mr. George Soper, the well-known etcher, but, although she is only fourteen years of age, her talent is entirely her own; there is no hint whatever of parental influence in her vision, her manner or her technique. Her handling of the etching needle and the acid, extraordinary for one of her age, shows no less vitality than her drawing. Those children are actually singing on that gate, the tiniest of them struggling with all her might to keep on; but what is quite inspiring is the responsive vivacity of the bitten line, with the promise of etching power it reveals in one so young. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The double loss which the Royal Academy sustained in the last week of February by the death of two of its veterans—Mr. George Dunlop Leslie and Sir William Blake Richmond, K.C.B.—

was of more than ordinary significance, from the fact that both these distinguished painters were themselves the sons of Royal Academicians. Mr. Leslie was born in 1835, and his father, Charles Robert Leslie, Constable's friend and biographer, was one among several young Americans who crossed the Atlantic to study art at the Academy during the presidency of Benjamin West, in the second decade of the nineteenth century. The long and intimate association of father and son with the Academy, extending over a century, furnished the latter with abundant material for his interesting book on "The Inner Life of the Royal Academy," published by Mr. Murray in 1914. ♦ ♦ ♦

Sir William Blake Richmond was seven years younger than Mr. Leslie, and entered the Academy Schools when the latter had reached the Painting School, the final stage in the course of training.

STUDIO-TALK

His father, George Richmond, R.A., was a close friend of William Blake "the mystic," after whom he named his son. Sir William was elected Associate of the Academy in 1888 and full member in 1895, the year before his father's death, so that for a short time the Academy had the unique experience of having a father and son on its roll as Royal Academicians. His Knighthood was conferred in 1897. He was a facile writer on art and public affairs, and besides letters innumerable to the newspapers he was the author of several books, the last of which, "Democracy—False or True?" published a day or two after his death, is dedicated "to the honest working classes of England, rich and poor, by one of themselves," and unfolds the distinguished artist's dream of an ideal social state. He was a very energetic champion of schemes for the improvement of the Metropolis, and the London Society loses an ardent supporter by his death.

We also regret to record the death of an old and valued contributor to this magazine in the person of Sir Frederick Wedmore, who died a few weeks ago in his 77th year. Sir Frederick was chief art critic of *The Standard* for about 30 years, and his contributions to this magazine date back almost to its beginning in 1893, terminating in 1918 with articles on the work of Mr. William Nicholson, Sir William Orpen and Mr. H. M. Livens respectively. Broad in his sympathies, and an erudite exponent in England of Nineteenth Century French Art, he specialized as a connoisseur of etchings and engravings, and his numerous writings gained for him a high reputation in this branch of art.

The decorative drawing by Miss Jeanne Labrousse, reproduced on this page, is executed in black and white with the addition of gold in several places. The text which furnishes the motive for the drawing is from a mediæval Ave Maria "Heil be Thou Marie Cristis Moder dère."

In any ordinary English home an overmantel panel like Mr. George Sheringham's *The Two Poets of Canton*, reproduced in colour opposite, would, of course, be rather out of place, but it was

designed for a room equipped with lacquer furniture, and there it is perfectly at home, so thoroughly has the artist expressed the spirit of the Far East in this fantasia of gay and harmonious colour.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes's panel representing the burning of the Royal Exchange in 1838, which we reproduce on page 159, is the latest addition to the unique



"MADONNA." DRAWING
BY JEANNE A. LABROUSSE



"THE TWO POETS OF CANTON."
OVERMANTEL PANEL BY
GEORGE SHERINGHAM.
(PAINTED FOR MRS. WILLIAM CAINE'S
LACQUER ROOM.)





**" THE BURNING OF THE ROYAL
EXCHANGE, LONDON, IN 1838 "**
BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, R.A.
(Presented to the Royal Exchange by the Corporation of
the Royal Exchange Assurance)



NAME SIGN IN PIERCED BRASS
WITH DURALUMIN BACKING
EXECUTED BY THE BIRMING-
HAM GUILD FOR MESSRS.
GLYN AND CO., LONDON

series of paintings executed by contemporary artists for the walls of the Royal Exchange. It was presented by the Royal Exchange Assurance in commemoration of the bi-centenary of their incorporation (1720) and was unveiled by the Lord Mayor in February. ▀ ▀

Two additions to the ranks of the Royal Academicians were made at a General Assembly held on March 1, the artists accorded this distinction being Sir John Lavery, painter, who had been an Associate since 1911, and Mr. William Strang, who was elected an Associate Engraver in 1906 and has now been promoted in the same category. Mr. Strang is President of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. Mons. Besnard was at the same time elected Honorary Foreign Royal Academician. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

BIRMINGHAM.—The metal working industry has been centred in Birmingham for many centuries—it is said, indeed, that many of those relics of hoary antiquity (!) which travellers bring back as curios from the ancient seats of civiliza-

tion in the East have had their origin in the Midland metropolis, but as to that, of course, it is with modern Birmingham that the secret lies, and any obscure reputation her metal craftsmen may have thus gained, certainly does not detract from her world-wide fame as the principal seat of one of our most important industries. In days gone by, before machine production became general, the metal workers of Birmingham were celebrated for their skill of hand and alertness of vision, and though so far as the bulk of her production is concerned the hand has largely given place to the machine, the old traditions of craftsmanship are still kept alive and find an outlet in the best class of work. And nowhere are they followed and respected more than in the workshops of the Birmingham Guild, which, established over 25 years ago



SHIP IN BRONZE, FORMING
PART OF MEMORIAL FOR THE
WHITE STAR SHIPPING COM-
PANY'S OFFICES IN LONDON
EXECUTED BY THE BIRMING-
HAM GUILD



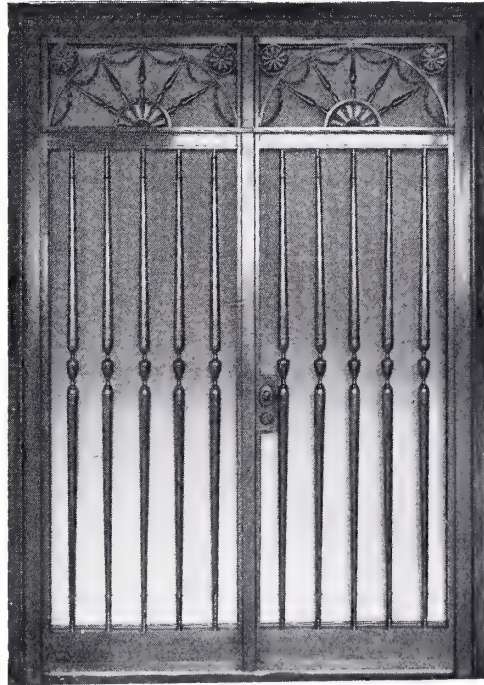
COAT OF ARMS IN BRONZE RELIEF, WITH ENAMELS IN HERALDIC COLOURS. EXECUTED FOR MESSRS. KEILLER AND SONS, GLASGOW, BY THE BIRMINGHAM GUILD

of the Birmingham Guild, and there is a very real danger of men who have undergone a long training in this special type of work drifting into other occupations. As some set off to this adverse state of things the Guild has been able to utilize the skill of its technical staff in the execution of numerous memorials. It has made something of a speciality of bronze tablets, which, devoid of fussy ornamentation, command attention by their dignified lettering of easily legible kinds, like the example reproduced on page 162 and others illustrated on a former occasion. ■ ■ ■ ■

A more complicated piece of work executed by the Guild is the ship shown on page 160. This is throughout of bronze, the waves being modelled and cast and the rest made of wrought bronze. The ship is about three feet high and forms the top part of the memorial made by the Guild for the White Star Shipping Company, and

with the object of maintaining and fostering a high standard of workmanship and design in metal, and beginning operations with a small staff of not more than twenty workers, now enlists the services of more than 300 skilled workers discharging various functions—designers, modellers, chasers and engravers, casters, fitters, enamellers, etc., many of whom are shareholders in the concern, which is conducted as a limited liability company.

During the quarter of a century since its establishment the Guild has carried out a great deal of architectural metal work for London architects in connection with important building undertakings. It will be readily understood that the conditions which have arisen during the past three or four years through Government restrictions and economic causes, involving as they do an interdict on the erection of buildings of sufficient size and importance to justify the inclusion of any considerable amount of metal work, have made it very difficult to maintain an organized body of skilled craftsmen such as that which forms the personnel



PAIR OF GLAZED BRONZE SCREEN DOORS FOR MR. BENE-DUM'S HOUSE, CLEVELAND, OHIO. EXECUTED BY THE BIRMINGHAM GUILD

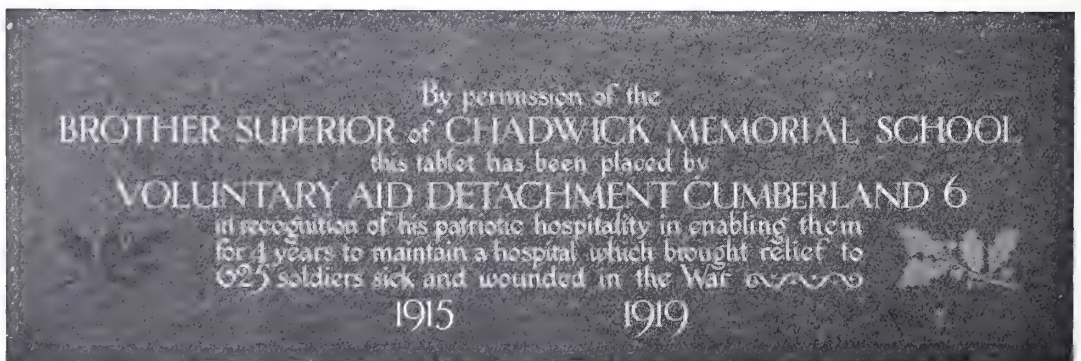


DOOR FURNITURE IN CAST BRONZE. EXECUTED BY THE BIRMINGHAM GUILD

erected in the offices of the Shipping Corporation in Cockspur Street, London. The making of the component parts—the rigging, turrets, blocks, etc., called for the highest form of craftsmanship in every sense. The coat of arms made for Messrs. Keiller & Son, of Glasgow, in whose window it hangs mounted on a sheet of plate glass, is also very effective, the bronze being here relieved by the heraldic colours of the shield and flags in enamel. The Guild has recently experimented with the use of enamel for exterior decorative effect, and an example of its use may be seen in the entrance hall of

Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove's premises in Oxford Street, London, where this form of treatment has been employed. Attention has been called in *THE STUDIO* and elsewhere to the need for a little more colour in London exteriors, and this experiment, therefore, is a move in the right direction. ■ ■ ■

PHILADELPHIA. — Resuming its long established position among the most important manifestations of the art of oil painting in America, the One Hundred and Sixteenth Annual Exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine



MEMORIAL TABLET IN BRONZE ENGRAVED WITH ENAMELLED LETTERS. EXECUTED BY THE BIRMINGHAM GUILD



"ELEANOR, JOAN AND ANNA"
BY GEORGE BELLOWES
(Pennsylvania Academy, Carol
Beck Gold Medal)

Arts offered to the public this year a collection of works by contemporary artists that had been selected with discriminating care by the jury and hung on the walls with a fine sense of harmonious juxtaposition. Pictures of delicate tonal and chromatic quality were grouped together in one of the galleries apart from those of vivid colouring and "bravura" brush work, to the advantage of both. In this group were three delightfully atmospheric landscapes by the late J. Francis Murphy; a self portrait of Robert Vonnoh and another by him of Bessie Potter Vonnoh, the sculptress; *December Sun* by Mr. Leonard Ochtman,

and a fine marine by Mr. Emil Carlsen, *Stormy Sea*. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. John Singer Sargent's portrait of Carolus Duran lent by the Knocdlers, was in the honour place in gallery F, and his portrait of Mrs. Kate A. Moore was near by—neither of them recent productions, but superb examples of the master and should be acquired for the permanent collection. Mr. Robert Susan, one of our younger painters, made his mark as a delineator of character in both sexes in his works, *The Golden Screen*, a portrait of a handsome girl in black velvet bearing an orange fan, and *The Connoisseur*, a portrait of a man in top hat and frock



"MAMMOTH COVE," BY
WILLIAM RITSCHER
(Pennsylvania Academy)

coat, and one of the most remarkable portraits that have been seen here for a long time; the latter signally honoured by immediate invitation, exempt, to two of our leading American expositions to follow the Academy's Annual—those of the Art Museums of Toledo, Ohio, and Detroit, Michigan. ■ ■ ■ ■

While all the prizes to be awarded had not been announced when these notes were written, Mr. Leopold Seyffert's painting of the nude, styled simply *A Model*, received the Temple Gold Medal; Mr. George Bellow's portrait group, *Eleanor, Joan and Anna*, was awarded the Carol H. Beck Gold Medal; the Jennie Sesnan Gold Medal went to

Mr. Charles Morris Young for his marine, *Wind on the Sound*; the Walter Lippincott Prize to Mr. Irving Couse for his Indian picture, *Chant to the Rain God*; the George D. Widener Memorial Gold Medal for sculpture was awarded to a life-size bronze nude by Miss Evelyn B. Longman, entitled *The Future*; the Mary Smith prize for women painters was awarded to Miss Katherine Patton for her landscape, *Deep in the Woods*. ■ ■ ■

Portraits abounded, many of them of people prominent in American public life, others whose only claim to attention was pictorial. In the former class should be mentioned Mr. Wayman Adams's portrait of Edward W. Redfield, the land-



**"TOHICKON." BY
DANIEL GARBER**
(Pennsylvania Academy)



"GIRL COMBING HER HAIR"
BY WILLIAM PAXTON
(Pennsylvania Academy)

scape painter, a penetrative psychological study of the man; that of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, the distinguished President Emeritus of Harvard University, by Mr. Charles Hopkinson; of the Hon. Frederick H. Gillett, by Mr. Edmund C. Tarbell; of Mrs. G. Glenn Newell, by Mr. Ernest L. Ipsen; of Mr. W. H. Barnes, by Mr. Leopold Seyffert; of Miss Catherine Wharton Morris, by Mr. William Cotton; of *Miss Alice*, by Mr. Louis Betts.

There were good figure subjects by Mr. Frank W. Benson, in *The Sunny Window*; by Mr. Joseph De Camp, in *The Window Blind*; by Mr. Charles

W. Hawthorne, in *Mother and Child*; in *Wass the Scotchman*, by Mr. Albert Delmont Smith, and in Mr. Horatio Walker's *Hippocrene*. The nude received adequate representation in figures by Mr. Wm. M. Paxton, *Girl Combing her Hair*; by Mr. Henry Rittenberg, *Before the Mirror*; Mr. Philip L. Hale, *Tannhauser*, and in Miss Lilian Genth's *Bather*.

The landscape painters were at their best in works like Mr. Hobart Nichols's *Sunny Brook, Winter*; Mr. W. Elmer Schofield's *Morning Shadows*; Mr. Daniel Garber's *Tohickon*; Mr. Edward W. Redfield's *Road to Point Pleasant*; Mr.

Carroll S. Tyson's *New England Town*. A capital bit of animal painting was to be seen in Mr. G. Glenn Newell's group of cows, *A Shady Spot*, all the more interesting from the rarity of competent cattle painters. Another canvas of unusual but very good character was an interior by Mr. George T. Hobbs, entitled *Objects of Art*, rich in the warm golden light of the old Dutch masters.

Opportunities for display of important collections of sculpture in America are few and far between, making the showing at the present Academy exhibition most interesting, although it must be admitted portraits and statues are not improved by a background of paintings and gilt frames such as we saw here. Mr. A. Stirling Calder exhibited the most imaginative work of the group in his *Naiad with Tragic Mask*; Miss E. Kathleen Wheeler showed some good studies of Indian ponies in

her bronze *Out West*; and good modelling was to be seen in Mr. C. C. Rumsey's *White Bull*. Mr. Samuel Murray showed an admirable bronze portrait of Dr. W. W. Keen, and Miss Nancy Coonsman's *Baby Fountain* had charm of infantile character. Bold and direct treatment of the subject, *Honourably Discharged*, perhaps the only echo of the great war in the show, drew attention to the work of Mrs. Gertrude V. Whitney. E. C.

REVIEWS.

Sir Hugh Lane's Life and Achievement. By LADY GREGORY. (London: John Murray.) A life such as that of Sir Hugh Lane deserved to be commemorated in print, and it is well that the telling of the story has fallen to his kinswoman, from whom we get a more intimate revelation of a rare personality than either of the two biographers originally selected could have given. The record of his career, brought to an untimely end through the sinking of the "Lusitania" in 1915 ere he had completed his fortieth year, makes it abundantly clear that prosperous as he had become through his extraordinary faculty for appraising works of art, the pursuit of self-aggrandisement was far from being the aim of his life. "Almost criminally generous, but almost criminally penurious to himself"—these few words of Mr. Charles Ricketts, quoted by Lady Gregory, aptly sum up his character. The book contains reproductions of some of the important pictures given by him to the Dublin galleries, including Rembrandt's *Lady with Gloves*, which, originally selected by him for the Michaelis Collection in South Africa, was withheld because its authenticity was not then accepted as beyond question.

Russian Portraits. By Clare Sheridan. (London: Jonathan Cape.) This volume contains Mrs. Sheridan's narrative of her expedition to Moscow last autumn for the purpose of modelling the busts of the leading revolutionists, which are reproduced among a number of other illustrations. These busts, recently exhibited in London, have aroused a good deal more curiosity than they would have done had they been the busts of less notorious subjects—a



"NAIAD WITH TRAGIC MASK"
BY STIRLING CALDER
(Pennsylvania Academy)

REVIEWS

result which appears to have been foreseen by a Mme. Balabanoff with whom the artist had a not altogether amicable interview in Moscow, for "she practically told me that I was doing Lenin's head to take back to England to show to the idle curious." Her adventure, however, does not appear to have yielded any very exciting experiences, nor does she tell us much about the conditions of existence in Moscow under the rule of the Soviet, though here and there we get an inkling of the sad straits to which the people have been reduced. A girl art student she met at the Stroganoff School said to her, "If you are a friend of those in power I suppose you will get some food; we are expected to work here all day from 9 in the morning till 6 at night without any." The Bolshevik leaders profess to have a great respect for art—it is said that they aspire to be "the Medici of the North," but the Russian artists themselves, according to Mrs. Sheridan, are reputed to be hostile to the new régime, and perhaps that accounts for the fact that she saw little of them during her sojourn. She notes, however, that in Moscow the galleries were "full of working people," and contrasts this with London where the galleries are empty—"in the British Museum one meets an occasional German student" ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Dictionnaire des Sculpteurs de l'École Française au dix-neuvième Siècle. Par STANISLAS LAMI. 4 vols. (Paris: Honoré Champion.) With the recent publication of the last volume of this work, of which the first three volumes were published in 1914, 1916, and 1919 respectively, M. Lami has completed his record of the achievements of French sculptors from the Middle Ages to the eve of the present day. The nineteenth century was especially fruitful in sculptors of commanding talent, and thus in these four volumes we find mingled with the names of a host of artists who, if less distinguished, have collectively contributed to the proud pre-eminence of France in this field of artistic production, some whose place is among the great masters of all time—for instance, Rude, Barye, Carpeaux, Dalou, and Rodin. The plan followed throughout these volumes is to give under each name first a biographical sketch of the sculptor and then a

chronological list of his works, sometimes occupying several pages of smaller type, references to the sources of information being added. The present dictionary does not contain the names of sculptors who were living at the time the successive volumes were completed, but it is, we believe, M. Lami's intention to prepare a supplementary dictionary on similar lines in which the record will be extended to living sculptors. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Perspective. By REX VICAT COLE. (Seeley, Service & Co.) Vasari has recorded of Paolo Uccelli, painter of the famous *Rout of San Romano* in the National Gallery, London, that "he shut himself up, devoting himself wholly to the study of perspective, which kept him in poverty and depression to the day of his death." The modern student is more fortunate in having the difficulties of the subject smoothed away for him, so that he has no excuse for neglecting a very necessary part of his training. Certainly in this manual of Mr. Rex Vicat Cole's, a new addition to the "New Art Library," the subject is dealt with in a way that is more likely to attract than to repel, reproductions of pictures by painters of renown being plentifully used to supplement the diagrammatic demonstrations. To his systematic exposition of principles the author adds an interesting section on perspective as practised by other nations, including the Japanese, and another on its application to architecture. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

SPANISH PAINTING.

The Special Spring Number of *THE STUDIO* will be devoted to Spanish Painting. Don Aureliano de Beruete, the distinguished writer and Director of the Prado Museum, Madrid, will contribute an important and authoritative article in which he will trace the history of Spanish Painting from its earliest manifestations, through El Greco and Velazquez down to Goya and the present day. There will be numerous full-page plates (including several in colours) after important works by El Greco, Ribalta, Zurbaran, Velazquez, Murillo, Carreno, Goya, and the leading painters of the Modern School. The volume will be ready about the end of May. ♪ ♪



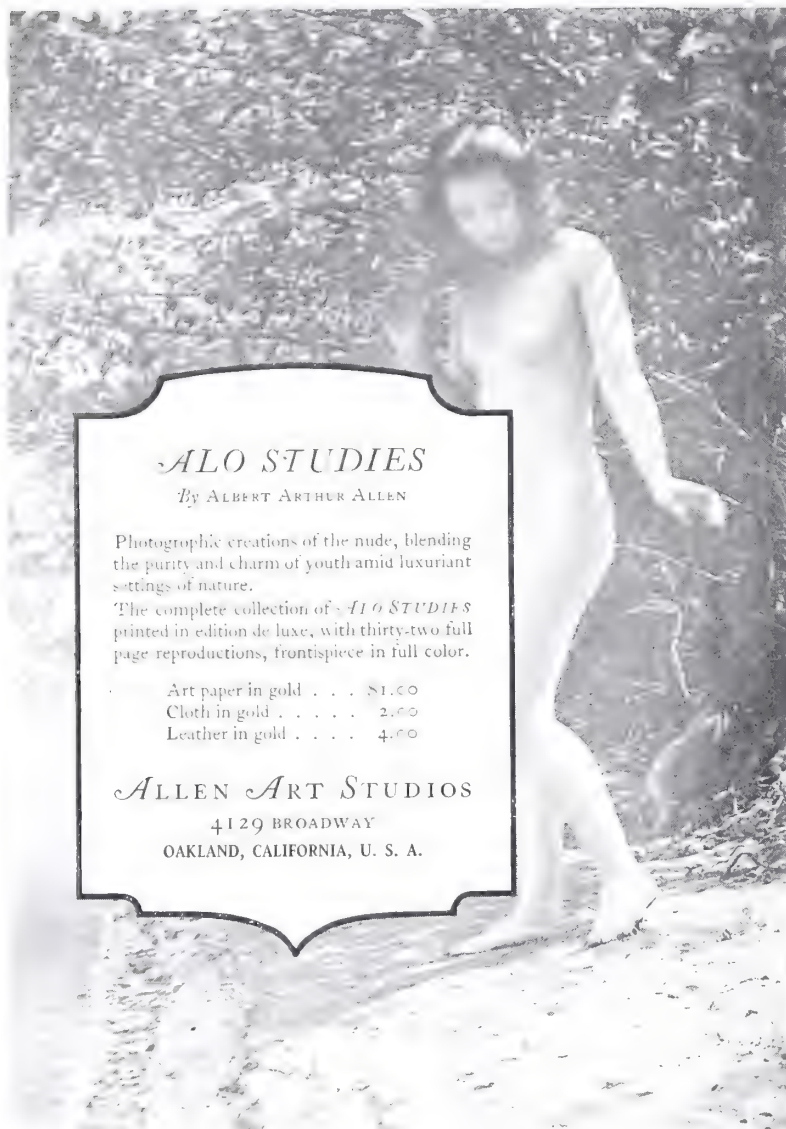
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INTRODUCTION TO THE REPIN EXHIBITION AT THE KINGORE GALLERIES BY DR. CHRISTIAN BRINTON

Le beau, c'est la vie.

Despite his rich imaginative endowment, a poignant sense of actuality is the birthright of each and every Russian. Those restless wanderers who started from Galicia and the upper Dnyep, who founded Kiev, Novgorod the Great, and Moscow, and settled the fertile basin of the Bolga, were not theorists. The intrepid traders who in turn pushed across the Urals and penetrated the silent forests and frozen marshes of Siberia were not impelled by abstract ideas, by the pious frenzy of the Crusaders, for instance, but by simple reasons of race pressure. From the outset, in brief, the Russ has been brought face to face with the severest conditions, external and internal. He has always been a subject and a sufferer. Now overrun by the ruthless yellow hordes of the Great Khans, and now sterilized by the ritual of Byzantine priest, the true Slavic spirit has had little scope for individual development.

When the Mongol yoke was at length broken by the Grand Princes of Moscow, the situation remained much as before. Oppression still existed, only it came from within, not from without. The people no longer paid tribute to a khan, they bowed to the tzar, a creature almost as Asiatic and as autocratic. Down to the present time, in fact, matters have continued with but slight alleviation. Though there were liberator tzars as well as demoniac tyrants on the imperial throne, progress has remained dubious and intermittent. The beneficial humanity of Alexander II was succeeded by the drastic reactionary policy of von Plehve and Pobiedonostsev. Each step forward seems to have been offset by a corresponding step backward. The Tatar spearman gave way to the Cossack with his knout. And the blue banner of Jenghis Khan has been replaced by the red badge of revolution and a reversion to the most sinister forms of despotism.

Of all epochs in the spiritual evolution of Russia, the most inspiring from the standpoint of nationalism are the memorable years that followed the liberation of the serfs in 1861. It was at this period that the great, passionate publicist Chernyshevsky, turning from Teutonic abstractions to Russian actuality, pronounced the dictum that Beauty is Life, and it was at this time also that came into being the aspiring organization known as Land and Freedom—*Zemlya i Volya*. The atmosphere

(Continued on page 13)

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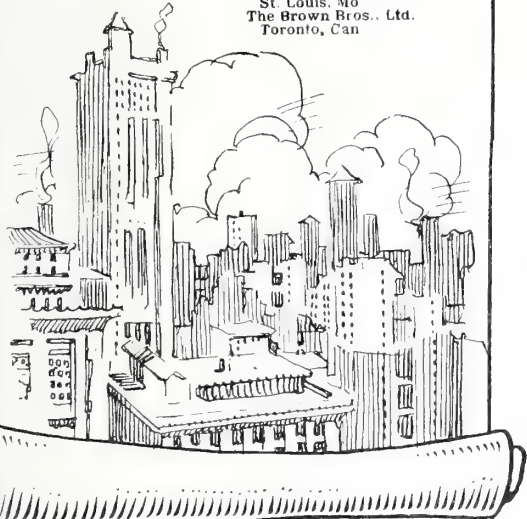
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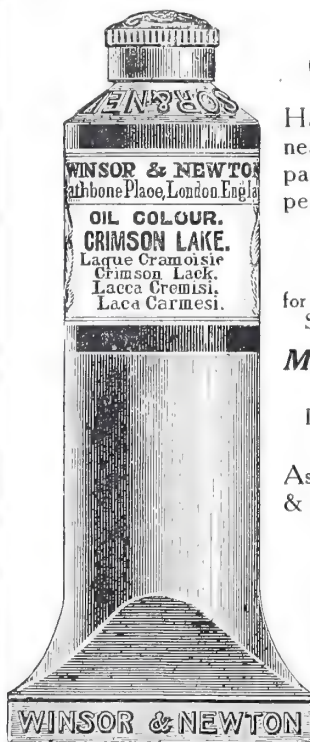
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(Continued from page 10)

was charged with hope and anticipation. Radiant ideas of progress permeated all classes of society. On every side were signs of regeneration, of a vast political and social awakening.

In the comparatively tardy development of contemporary cultural expression in Russia, the novel and the play preceded the graphic and plastic arts. For long periods the painter was crushed beneath archaic formalism and sterile academic precedent, just as in the broader relations of life all healthy, spontaneous initiative was repressed by influences wholly artificial and foreign. While it is a matter of record that Gogol actually paved the way for such masters of domestic genre as Sternberg, Fedotov, and Perov, and that Turgenev was among the earliest to appreciate the elegiac beauty of native Russian landscape, it matters little which came first, and which after. The chief point is that from this period onward each strove to depict with increasing fidelity not only the actual physiognomy of the country itself, but that confused and questing human equation that lay just at hand waiting to be understood and interpreted.

With that passion for absolutism so typical of the Slavic mind, it is scant wonder that the emancipation of art should follow rapidly upon the liberation of the serfs. On November 9, 1863, under the magnetic leadership of Kramskoy, thirteen of the ablest students of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts rebelled against soulless officialism, left the institution, and formed themselves into an independent body. The little band of aspirants struggled dubiously along for a time, but was later strong enough to establish the Peredvizhnaya Vystavka, or Society of Travelling Exhibitions. And it is to this group, with its hatred of classic and mythological themes, and its frank love of national and local type and scene, that Russian painting owed its subsequent vitality. It was this clear-eyed, open-minded band of enthusiasts who first made it possible for the Slavic artist to "go among the people," to harken to the secret song of the steppe. Their passionate nationalism assuredly exceeded their artistic sensibility, yet one must never forget that they came into being during a vigorously realistic and utilitarian epoch, an epoch that witnessed the publication of Pisarev's amazing Annihilation of Aesthetics and similar diatribes against the formal canons of abstract beauty. *Le beau, c'est la vie*, was in fact by some amended to read, *Le laid, c'est le beau*.

(Continued on page 14)



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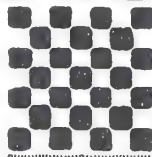
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(Continued from page 13)

Early one grey November morning nearly sixty years ago, there knocked at the portals of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts in the city by the Neva, a young Cossack from the Government of Kharkov. He was pale and shy of manner, with thick masses of brown hair clustering about brow and ears, and under his arm carried a portfolio of sketches. The lad had journeyed all the way from Chuguyev, an isolated village amid the steppes of Little Russia, his entire capital consisting of forty rubles, and a consuming desire to become a painter. Born July 24, 1844, the son of a martial father and a gentle, solicitous mother, Ilya Yefimovich Repin early displayed marked capacity for graphic and plastic expression. Whilst a mere child he used to draw pictures for his sister and her playmates, as well as cut figures out of cardboard and model animals in wax. Though delicate, he was sent to the communal school, where his mother was a teacher, and later attended the near-by Topographical Institute, but on the closing of the latter, he was apprenticed at the age of thirteen to Bunakov, a local painter of sacred images.

So rapid was the boy's progress that within three years he was able to support himself, receiving anywhere from two to five, and even as high as twenty rubles for a religious composition or the likeness of some worthy villager. Pious muzhiks and pompous rural dignitaries would come from a hundred versts or more to see his ikoni or secure his services as ecclesiastical decorator, the most famous of his efforts being a fervid and dramatic St. Simeon. It was while working in the church of Sirotin that Repin first heard of the eager, ambitious life of the capital, with its opportunities so far beyond the limitations of provincial endeavour. Certain of his colleagues told him not only of the Academy, but of Kramskoy, the leader of the new movement, who had lately paid a visit to Ostrogorsk, bringing with him the atmosphere of the city and the ferment of fresh social and artistic ideas.

(To be Continued Next Month)

AMERICAN ART SALES

The American Federation of Arts has launched a new publication, American Art Sales, which will be published four times a year during the season. This paper will record all sales of paintings and sculpture where the price paid is \$50 or more, and all prints sold for \$25 or more. The venture should have success for it fills a need.

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MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY
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24, 1912.

of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, published
monthly in New York, N. Y., for April, 1921.

STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for
the State and county aforesaid, personally
appeared J. CARLISLE LORD, who, having been
duly sworn according to law, deposes and
says that he is the Business Manager of THE
INTERNATIONAL STUDIO and that the follow-
ing is, to the best of his knowledge and be-
lief, a true statement of the ownership, man-
agement, etc., of the aforesaid publication
for the date shown in the above caption,
required by the Act of August 24, 1912, em-
bodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Reg-
ulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the
publisher, editor, managing editor, and busi-
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Publisher, John Lane Company, 786 Sixth
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of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has
no reason to believe that any other person,
association, or corporation, has any interest,
direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or
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(Signed) J. CARLISLE LORD,
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Sworn to and subscribed before me this
17th day of March, 1921.

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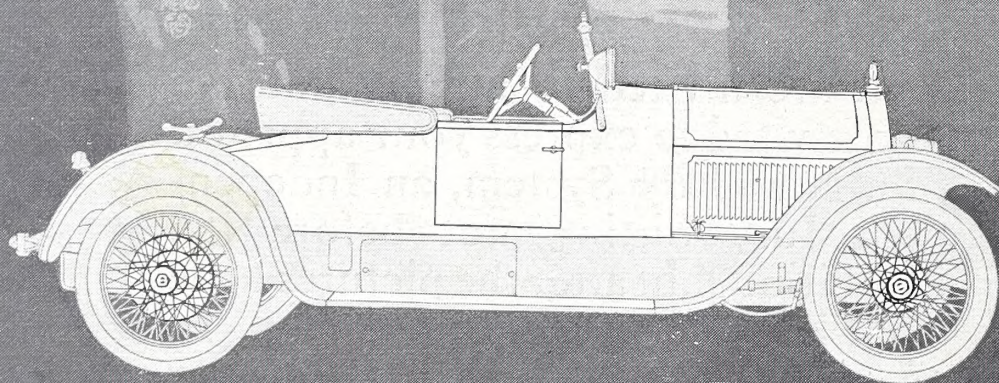
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